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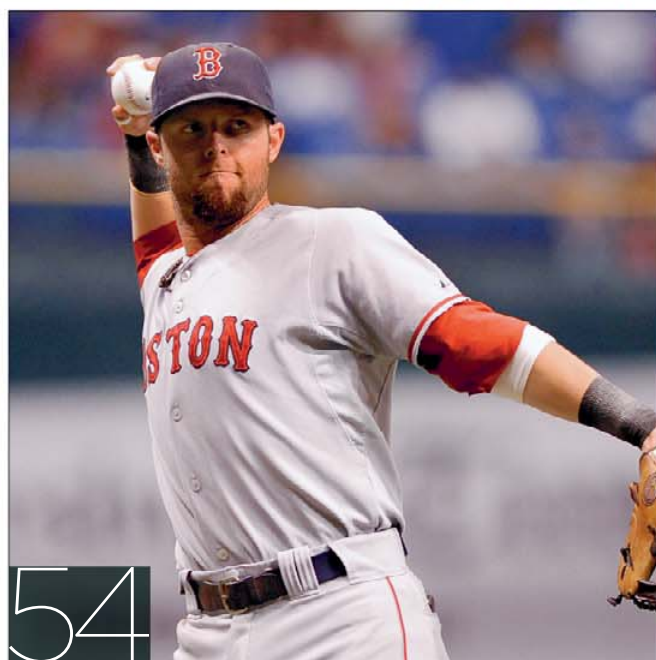
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Weekend With Roxie

To celebrate our tenth wedding anniversary, Lisa and I booked a weekend at a five-star hotel. By coincidence, Lisa's friend Roxie's birthday is the same day, so we invited her to meet us at the hotel for dinner and drinks. What Roxie didn't know was that we hoped she would be our anniversary gift to each other! Lisa and I'd been talking about bringing another girl into our bed, and Lisa wanted that girl to be Roxie. Since Roxie had recently separated from her husband, the anniversary/birthday celebration was the perfect opportunity to test the waters.

Friday evening after dinner, Lisa invited Roxie to join us in our room for champagne. The three of us

were sitting on the sofa in the living room, sipping our bubbly, when Lisa told Roxie that I had a birthday gift for her. I have to admit she was pretty surprised when I leaned in and pressed my lips to hers, but she didn't pull away, even when I reached under her skirt and caressed her cunt through her panties. Then Lisa wished Roxie a happy birthday and kissed her as she fondled Roxie's tits.

Roxie hugged us both and thanked us in advance for the best birthday ever as we led her to the enormous

I watched while Lisa went down on Roxie as if she were the last source of pussy on earth, barely taking time to come up for air.

bed, which was just the right size for three horny adults.

After we'd all undressed, I got my first look at Roxie. She was more beautiful than I'd imagined, with small round tits, large brown nipples, and a shaved pussy. Lisa and I took turns kissing her and sucking on her breasts as I let my hand trail down her flat stomach, over her smooth mound, and between her legs. She was hot and slick, but as much as I wanted to eat her out, I offered the first taste to Lisa.

I watched while Lisa went down on Roxie as if she were the last source of pussy on earth. She licked and lapped, barely taking time to come up for air, while I laved Roxie's nipples with my tongue. Roxie was moaning and writhing as we overloaded her with pleasure. Suddenly, her back arched up off the bed as she cried out, clenching the sheets as she came.

My cock was aching to get in her, so when Lisa went to retrieve the strap-on she'd bought especially for the occasion, I quickly lapped up Roxie's free-flowing juices, then turned her over and buried my cock deep inside her from behind. She was tighter than Lisa, and after only a few strokes, I knew I was going to shoot my load. Lisa told me to pull out, grabbed my cock, and jacked me off all over Roxie's beautiful ass cheeks. Then Lisa took my place and—after licking my come from Roxie's ass—mounted her friend using the strap-on.

"Do you like it, Roxie? Do you like me fucking you?" Lisa yelled as she swung her hips back and forth, driving the rubber cock in and out of Roxie's cunt.

Roxie's outburst of "Yes, yes, yes!" was punctuated by her hips slamming back to meet Lisa's thrusts, just before she climaxed and collapsed in a heap.

Then it was Lisa's turn, and she wanted to get double-fucked. While Roxie donned the strap-on and grabbed the lube from the dresser, Lisa sucked my cock. As soon as I was hard, Lisa straddled Roxie and lowered her pussy onto the rubber cock. I quickly lubed up her backdoor and gently worked my dick into her tight

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asshole. Once I was in to the hilt, Roxie and I moved into a rhythm—her cock moving in as mine withdrew—until we were giving Lisa the kind of reaming she'd been fantasizing about. But it didn't last long—my cock had never been gripped so tight. When Lisa came, I lost it, thrusting deep as each surge of come shot into her asshole.

Needless to say, that one-night celebration lasted the entire weekend, with sporadic breaks to recharge. After, the question of whether or not we'd repeat the experience was settled when Lisa promised Roxie we'd all do it again very soon!—A.E., *Minnesota*

PRIVATE LAPDANCER

I met Tina at a wedding reception just a few months ago, and we clicked right away. We're both in our early thirties and married with no children. But our biggest common link is that both our men are currently serving in Iraq.

We started spending a lot of time together, and one night we decided to indulge in some eye candy at an all-male strip club. My husband and I love going to strip clubs because we always have great sex afterward, and although I wouldn't have him waiting for me at home to tend to my needs, I had my faithful vibrator and a fresh set of batteries to take the edge off.

Tina and I had the best time watching all the gorgeous men as they stripped, stuffing cash into their G-strings. We even treated ourselves to lap dances from one particular man who left us both hot and horny.

After leaving the club and going to Tina's place to hang out, we started talking about how hot the guys were. Something made me tell her that I'd always wanted to get a lap dance from a girl. Tina didn't miss a beat and told me to save my money because she was going to give me that lap dance!

Thinking she was just joking, I dared her. Tina put on some music, took off her blouse and bra, and started wiggling her boobs just inches from my face. Then, turning her back to me, she pulled her panties down and flashed me a view of her lovely ass.

Tina looked really sexy, but when I got the courage to reach out to feel her ass, she pulled her panties back up, raised her arms over her head, and leaned back. She was close enough to rub her back against my stiff nipples and grind her ass against



my pelvis. She was doing such a great job of turning me on that I broke the no-touching rule of most strip clubs and cupped her breasts, finding her nipples to be just as hard as mine.

My hands eagerly roamed over her undulating body and slipped into her panties. Her slit was hot and wet and my fingers slid easily between her slick folds—but I could only get the tip of my middle finger inside her pussy. I made her stand up and take off her panties. Then, pulling her down next to me on the couch, I pressed my fingers deep inside her sodden hole, taking her breath away.

"My husband would so enjoy seeing this," I murmured as I slowly finger-fucked her.

"Yeah, mine, too," she gasped. "Now shut up and kiss me!"

I withdrew my fingers and brought them to my lips, intending to lick them clean before kissing her, but I was

unprepared for the heady taste of her sex and wanted more.

"I have a better idea," I said. Instead of kissing her, I dove between her legs to savor her pussy juice. I'd never been with another woman, but when I covered Tina's pleasure knob with my lips and gently sucked, her hands cradled my head and she moaned in ecstasy. I loved the taste of her and buried my tongue deep inside her as I drew in as much of her essence as I could. Tina's hands slipped to my shoulders when she began grinding her hips against my lips and crying out for me to suck harder.

Later, we ended up in Tina's bedroom in a sixty-nine that seemed to go on forever, until we fell asleep in each other's arms. It's been two months now, and I still think what Tina and I have together is amazing, and as long as our husbands are away, we plan to continue loving and supporting each other. And who knows? Maybe we'll continue seeing each other even after our men come home.—F.M., *Texas*

More letters on page 130

Pulling her down next to me on the couch, I pressed my fingers deep inside her, taking her breath away.

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"The Swedish Experience." Independent scientific studies, including the Royal College of Physicians in the UK, have found no conclusive correlation between the use of snus and cancer. Equally impressive, these studies led to the removal of cancer warning labels from snus cans in Sweden.

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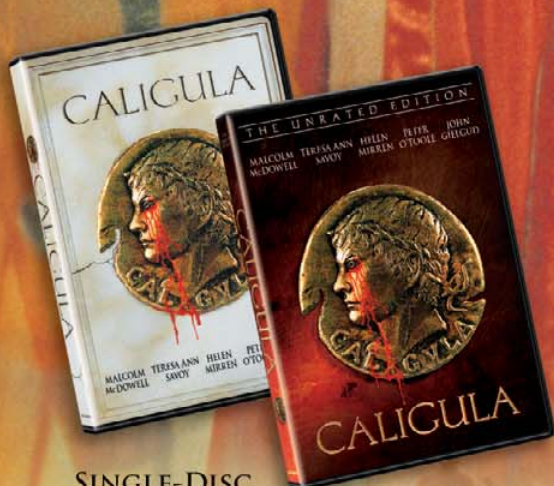
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Scoring Position

Spring training and opening days are on the baseball horizon, and the minor-league flick *Sugar* is hitting theaters this month, so we picked the five Hollywood films that most successfully hit it out of the cinematic ballpark. *Bull Durham* and *The Bad News Bears* were no-brainers, but which others survived our spirited debate and methodical rounds of cuts?





Sweet Treat

Your favorite team is gathering its players for spring training, so of course it's time for baseball in theaters as well. It's time to celebrate the best Hollywood home runs.



Sugar

Sure, when it comes to baseball, we all love the grand-slam homers, the nail-biting relief pitching, the stolen-base runs. But pro ball has a lot more to do with those dry, dusty middle innings when nothing much happens except endurance—and the gripping indie drama *Sugar* understands this fully. It's an uncommonly realistic Sundance export from the makers of 2006's Oscar-nominated *Half Nelson*, and it's mostly set in Iowa,

where hot Dominican prospect Miguel "Sugar" Santos (the terrific Algenis Pérez Soto in his film debut) comes to pitch in the minor leagues. He brings with him zero English, a cocky confidence, and a dream to go all the way. Naturally, his teammates have the same dream. Like every baseball season, the film has its share of slumps and successes. To say any more would ruin the joys of an intricately calibrated story that is not just for sports fans; this is a valentine to the spirit of competition and finding one's personal best. Don't miss it.



The Penthouse Top Five

Kick-ass Baseball Films

No *Rookie of the Year* here. Just the absolute essentials (in alphabetical order)—the ones that bring us to tears and make us want to have children just so we can go outside and play catch. And, yes, we're aware that we left out *Field of Dreams*. Don't e-mail us to complain. We know it's kind of the classic title when it comes to reminiscing about throwing the ball around with the old man, and a counterpoint of sorts to *Eight Men Out*, but it's a touch gooey for our taste. Oh, and it's not really about baseball. Feel free to watch it again if you don't believe us.



The Bad News Bears (1976)

A serious film about playing for the right reasons. The foul-mouthed Little League comedy has a lot to say about focus. Plus, Walter Matthau becomes an excellent coach (if constantly soused).



Bull Durham (1988)

The baseball lover's *Citizen Kane*. Kevin Costner is at his most appealing as an also-ran at the end of his career. Luckily, he finds love in the arms of superfan Susan Sarandon.



Eight Men Out (1988)

After watching the other movies on this list, check out this impassioned drama about the 1919 Chicago "Black Sox," who threw the World Series for cash, from director/screenwriter John Sayles. Ain't that America?



The Natural (1984)

A beautiful movie about talent taking wing. This mystical drama stars the all-American Robert Redford as a gifted player with a haunted past. The on-field scenes produce shivers every time.



The Pride of the Yankees (1942)

Lou Gehrig's story is so sensational, it couldn't help but result in a legendary movie—one in which Babe Ruth appears as himself! Gary Cooper brings the title slugger to life, in an incredibly moving fashion.

REVIEW



The Informers

Novelist Bret Easton Ellis (*Less Than Zero*, *American Psycho*) will always be hounded by haters who think he's shallow. This hysterical, pitch-perfect adaptation of his 1994 book of the

same name, set in a coked-up early-eighties L.A., is no exception. For us, this means *Pineapple Express*'s Amber Heard frequently naked. Which we're okay with.

PREVIEWS



Observe and Report

Praying that the well of mall-cop humor hasn't run dry, Seth Rogen stars as a pudgy security guard who takes his job way too seriously—until a serial flasher puts him to the test. One reason why this might not suck: adorable makeup-counter girl Anna Faris, who always classes up her projects. Second reason: Did we mention Anna Faris?

The Soloist

Robert Downey Jr. had almost *too* good a year in 2008, rising phoenix-like in a kick-ass new superhero franchise and pulling off an outrageous act of blackface in *Tropic Thunder*. Amazingly, he also shot this L.A.-set drama about a hungry journalist and the gifted homeless man (Jamie Foxx) he wants to help—and possibly exploit.



Chess Match

A new DVD chronicles the tricky relationship between legendary record-company man Leonard Chess and the titans of Chicago blues he helped launch.

By John Bolster

Cadillac Records

The Plot: A sprawling, rollicking account of Chess Records and the foundational blues artists it launched out of Chicago in the 1950s. The film tracks Muddy Waters, Little Walter, Howlin' Wolf, Chuck Berry, Etta James, Willie Dixon, and the man who gave them a platform to launch a musical revolution, Leonard Chess.

Buy or Rent? Buy. The movie covers a lot of ground—possibly too much—and it plays fast and loose with some things while missing others (Leonard's brother and partner Phil, for one), but it wrenches the music of these titans back to its ass-kicking original context. When Jeffrey Wright's Muddy Waters plugs his slide guitar into an amp on a street on Chicago's South Side, the roar that comes out may technically be the blues, but it fucking rocks. Plus, the performances—especially Wright's, and including Beyoncé's (right), in a weakly written role—are first-rate.

Added Value? A commentary track featuring writer/director Darnell



Martin; a making-of featurette; deleted scenes; and "Once Upon a Blues: Cadillac Records by Design," a look at the costume and set design. We'd prefer the electrifying soundtrack, thanks.

REVIEWS /// BY BARBARA RIGETHOMPSON



Andy Richter Controls the Universe

The Plot: Conan O'Brien's former sidekick starred as a fiction writer in this short-lived, critically acclaimed series.

Buy or Rent? We know you didn't catch it when it was on (2002–04), because pretty much no one watched it. It really is one of the funniest shows you've never seen.

Added Value? Five previously unaired episodes, commentary tracks, two new featurettes on how Andy would control the universe.



Quantum of Solace

The Plot: Daniel Craig is back as Bond, James Bond, trying to avenge the woman he loved.

Buy or Rent? Buy. You know you're going to want to re-watch the stunts, your girlfriend will happily watch with you to admire Craig running through his paces, and Olga Kurylenko steams up the screen.

Added Value? Some, and what's there is good, including a 24-minute "on location" featurette and a behind-the-scenes look at the action-packed boat chase.



Religulous

The Plot: Bill Maher travels the world questioning the religious about their faith. If the fact that Maher is one of our nation's funniest social commentators isn't enough for you, the documentary was directed by Larry Charles, the man who brought you *Borat*.

Buy or Rent? Buy. If you're liberal enough in your beliefs—or non-beliefs—to be reading *Penthouse*, you'll appreciate the humor.

Added Value? Not much, but we'll get it anyway.



Max Fleischer's

Superman 1941–1942

The Plot: These shorts are still considered one of the definitive looks at the Man of Steel.

Buy or Rent? Rent, if you already own them in one of the collections that's been released. If you don't have them yet, this is the version to get.

Added Value? The only new thing for this set is a featurette called "The Man, the Myth, Superman." It's well worth seeing, but—again—not worth ponying up for a second collection.

High-def Update Killer Cons

Edward Norton hits Blu-ray with two of his best performances.

Primal Fear, the actor's remarkable debut, has a star-studded cast, a truly disturbing storyline about an altar boy accused of murdering the archbishop, and enough twists to leave your head spinning. New bonus features for the *Hard Evidence Edition* include an interview with the media-shy Norton and his costars, and two featurettes. Two years later, *American History X* cemented Norton's position on the A-list. The



future Hulk bulked up in human proportions to play a repentant neo-Nazi trying to stop his younger brother from following in his footsteps. Final details on specs and extras were not available at press time, but director Tony Kaye and Norton famously clashed over creative issues during post-production. We're guessing they're not getting together to record a commentary track. —B.R.T.

If you're liberal enough in your beliefs to be reading *Penthouse*, you'll appreciate *Religulous*.

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Tour Guide

Is life in a rock band really all sex, drugs, and rock and roll? Sometimes.

By Sarah Walker

Bill Kelliher (above, at right), guitarist for the Atlanta-based prog-metal outfit Mastodon, had an interesting 2008, what with touring with Slayer, recording the band's fourth album, *Crack the Skye*, and suffering from a nasty case of pancreatitis that landed him in a London hospital for two and a half weeks. He shares a few sordid stories of life on the road.

GROUPIES OR STALKERS?

"When we played smaller clubs in Europe, I was a little naive.... I didn't think we were big enough to have groupies. But these two women from Belgium used to come to all our shows. One looked about 50, and her

English was pretty good, but the other, who was way younger and pretty cute, didn't speak any English. They'd follow us around and hang out backstage. One time we went out to our tour bus, which is where we sleep, and they'd parked their little Yugo right behind it. They told us they sleep in the car, then wake up and follow the bus."

BACKSTAGE BLOWJOBS


"A few years ago we were in San Francisco, on tour with Slayer. This old guy in a cowboy hat came up to me and said, 'How you doing, son? I'm Max Hardcore, and I'd like to give you one of my movies.' Later we went to our dressing room, and there were all these girls in lingerie and high heels, going in and out like they owned the joint. Max Hardcore was there with one of them. A guy in our band starts smoking a joint with her, and Max looks at our guy and says, 'Son, how'd

you like a blowjob?' Then Max looks at her and says, 'Honey, why don't you suck this young man's dick?' So our guy starts to take his shit out, and she's going for it. Then Max whips his dick out, too, and our guy is like, 'Whoa, what's going on?' Max says, 'If my girlfriend is gonna suck your dick, she might as well suck my dick, too.' Our guy wasn't into sword fighting, though, so it didn't happen."

OFF THE CUFF

"We played Ozzfest in 2005. At one show [guitarist] Brent [Hinds] (far left) is in the front row during Iron Maiden. He throws a Mastodon baseball hat to Steve Harris, their bass player—and that's a big no-no, throwing things at the headlining act. Security puts these plastic handcuffs on him and takes him away. The rest of us are in the parking lot, partying at our bus with the other bands, and we see Brent go flying by on the back of a golf cart with two security guards. Somehow he manages to jump off, and—with his hands still cuffed behind his back—hops onto the bus of Killswitch Engage, runs to the back lounge where they're all hanging out, and hides under their table. The security guys never found him."

SHIT STORM

"Anyone who's been on a tour bus knows, legally, you can't shit in the toilet. We're in Milan on our bus, and I'd met this young lady who lives there, so I call her and ask if I can come use her bathroom. I get there and it's this tiny, Fisher Price-like toilet in her bedroom. I do my thing, and it's the biggest turd I've ever seen, like Nessie sticking its head out of the water. I push this tiny little button and it's like [*whisper soft*] *fluussshhh* and the turd barely moves. We're three stories up, and I'm contemplating wrapping it up in toilet paper and throwing it out the window to the courtyard below. Instead, I ask this girl for a plunger, but she doesn't understand, so she brings in her mom and sister. Meanwhile, the turd's just sitting there, stinking up the place. They can't find a plunger, so I hold down the button until finally the tail of the turd catches and it goes down into the cave. You could still see it, but by this point I just had to get out of there, so I left." 

MAIN STAGE



The Hazards of Love
(Capitol) ★★ ★

Penthouse Pick: "The Wanting Comes in Waves/Repaid"

Portland's Decemberists don't walk the thin line between ambitious and exasperating; they prance it in full Renaissance Faire regalia, waving mandolins at skeptics who question songwriter Colin Meloy's commitment to artistic excess. This album cranks up the theatrics to 11: It's a 17-track fairy tale about Margaret, her beloved William, and

their shape-shifting nemesis. (Really!) Thankfully, the whimsy is backed up by newly meaty chops: "A Bower Scene" churns with Led Zep-worthy riffage, while "The Wanting Comes in Waves/Repaid" nimbly glides from soaring pop to big-bottomed funk. Lovely appearances by Lavender Diamond's Becky Stark and My Brightest Diamond's Shara Worden help lighten the mood. But by track 12, the leaden "The Queen's Rebuke," we wished for a cameo by their biggest fan, Stephen Colbert. There's nothing like a little truthiness to balance out intense fantasy.

DISCOGRAPHY

Castaways and Cutouts
(2002)

Their debut was a folksy, beguiling delight, born from the ashes of Colin Meloy's underrated Montana college band, Tarkio.

Penthouse Pick: "Here I Dreamt I Was an Architect"

Her Majesty
(2003)

Their poppier and more confident sophomore album amped up the literacy and the lunacy in equal measure.

Penthouse Pick: "Red Right Ankle"

The Crane Wife
(2006)

Album No. 4 was their major-label debut, but there's no mistaking this artful, prog-rock-leaning interpretation of an ancient Japanese folktale for pop.

Penthouse Pick: "O Valencia!"

REVIEWS



PAPA ROACH
Metamorphosis
(Geffen) ★

"Change or die" is, unfortunately, the mantra of this fifth album, on which nü-metal riffs are replaced by tawdry rawk clichés. The gross "Hollywood Whore" ("I wanna kick your teeth in") makes one long for the subtlety of Mötley Crüe.



MC LARS
This Gigantic Robot Kills
(Horris/Oglio) ★★ ★

Stanford grad Andrew "MC Lars" Nielsen is the reigning don of nerd-rap. On his second album, he cleverly skewers sitting ducks (hipster girls, environmentalists, his messy drummer) with the help of Weird Al Yankovic and assorted emo all-stars.

PREVIEWS



SPINNERETTE
Spinnerette
(Anthem)

Former Distillers front-lady Brody Dalle, owner of perhaps the finest sneer in rock, is back with a new band and a revitalized swagger. Her new songs, including the woozy "Ghetto Love," are lurid nuggets of scuffed-up, scuzzy dance punk.



U2
No Line on the Horizon
(Interscope)

Don't expect radical reinventions on this 12th album, which boasts the fuzz-rocking "Get on Your Boots," the trippy "Tripoli," and the blissed-out pop of "I'll Go Crazy If I Don't Go Crazy Tonight." We also expect "chiming" guitars.



BY REBECCA SWANNER



Resident Evil 5

(CAPCOM)
XBOX 360, PS3, PC
★★★★

There are freaky zombie games, and then there's *Resident Evil*. The new installment of the action survival horror title, which picks up where *RE4* left off, is the first in the series designed from the ground up for next-gen systems. You're Chris Redfield, the original star of *Resident Evil*. You've just landed in Africa, in the locale where the zombie-creating progenitor virus originated and turned civilians into brain-hungry maniacs and chain-saw-wielding crazies. You've been paired up with sexy badass Sheva Alomar, who will help you fend off these monsters and put a stop to the outbreak.

Should having a real-life friend on hand calm your frayed nerves, you can have a buddy jump in online as Alomar and play through the game together. Just don't try it with someone who's the type to snap up ammo, which is limited. Whether or not you take advantage of the multiplayer aspect, having backup is excellent news, since these infected humans are much faster than the plodding undead creatures that usually show up in pop culture. Most important, *RE5* is intense, frightening, and nightmare-inducing, like the *Resident Evil* stories that have come before it. In other words, it's just how we like it.



REVIEW



HALO WARS (MICROSOFT) XBOX 360

★★★

Master Chief may have perished at the end of *Halo 3*—oops, sorry, we forgot the spoiler alert!—but you're not done experiencing his world unless you want to be. This real-time strategy title set 20 years before the first game in the series proves that it's been a nightmare around there for a long, long time.

Rocks: You don't just click the controller, then sit back and watch; you're involved in the action even though you're not firing the individual guns. Good camera control allows you to see the destruction you're creating.

Flops: For the hard-core strategy fan, it may feel too easy.

PREVIEWS



GRAND THEFT AUTO: CHINATOWN WARS (ROCKSTAR GAMES) NINTENDO DS

You might think the DS is best for titles like *Nintendogs*, *Cooking Mama*, and *Animal Crossing*. Rockstar will change your perception for good with this new title, set in the *Grand Theft Auto IV* world of Liberty City, which is available exclusively for the handheld system.

Rocks: This 3-D world in which you recruit new members into your gang, avenge your father's murder, and sell drugs is a parent's worst nightmare. You can call for a taxi by whistling into the microphone—if only whistling worked so well in real life.

Flops: The cel-shaded art style really doesn't do it for us. Heavy use of the touch screen makes us feel less like we're in on the action.



MLB 09: The Show

MLB 09: THE SHOW (SONY) PS3, PS2, PSP

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL 2K9 (2K) XBOX 360, PS3, WII, PS2, PC, PSP

When it comes to sports titles, we don't need developers to completely reinvent the wheel each year. But we do appreciate improvements here and there, like many of those that Sony's *MLB 09: The Show* and 2K's *Major League Baseball 2K9* bring to the table.

Rocks: The much-heralded career-oriented Road to the Show mode in *MLB 09* returns with new ways



Major League Baseball 2K9

to steal bases; the artificial intelligence continues to make smarter fielding decisions; thoughtful improvements to online fantasy team play, like the ability to play games early, are appreciated. Just love the playoffs? *MLB 2K9* lets you bypass the whole season if you want and skip ahead to the nail-biting postseason games.

Flops: There are some really questionable additions, such as salary arbitration in *MLB 09* and the ability in *Major League Baseball 2K9* to challenge the 20 best home-run hitters to a bat-off. Who the hell came up with these "improvements," anyway?

Feel the Burn

Finally, a case against the theory that videogames contribute to obesity. These workout titles for the Wii let you shape up without busting your cash-strapped budget.



SKATE IT (EA)

Skate and *Skate 2* redefined skateboarding games by mapping the controllers in such a way that they resembled a board. With *Skate It*, you can test your gnarly skills on the balance board. It's far from a hard-core workout, but it's a good addition if you're ready to do the numerous tricks required to give your abs that extra boost.



SHAUN WHITE SNOW- BOARDING: ROAD TRIP (Ubisoft)

Snowboarding is expensive. Between the gear, ganja, lift tickets, and travel, you can exhaust your annual vacation budget in one trip. But within minutes of turning this on, you'll be grinding and nailing all sorts of tricks. While it's somewhat hard to master, if you hang on you'll feel it in all the places you would on the slopes, especially your quads and hamstrings.



PUNCH OUT!! (Nintendo)

When the *Wii* first debuted with *Wii Sports*, you could punch another Mii in the face over and over in the boxing mini-game (above) until you whipped your arm muscles into shape. Later this year, a revamped version of the classic *Punch-Out!!* will return, and with it, familiar zany characters and your buff arms.



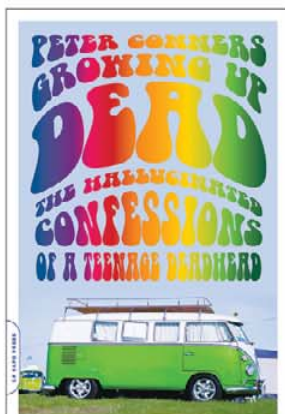
WII FIT (Nintendo)

In theory, the *Wii Fit* is great—there's an array of cardio, strength training, flexibility, and balance-oriented exercises to make your workouts feel well-rounded. However, the trainers' dialogue is mind-numbingly repetitive, and you can't create a playlist of workouts that will keep your heart rate up. But if you're a real beginner to aerobic exercise, it's not a bad place to start.

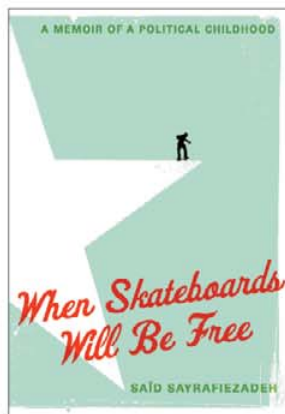
No Thanks for the Memories

Despite falling sales and escalating scandals, book publishers are still in love with memoirs. These recent books are among the better ones—but you'll save time and money by skimming our helpful cheat sheet.

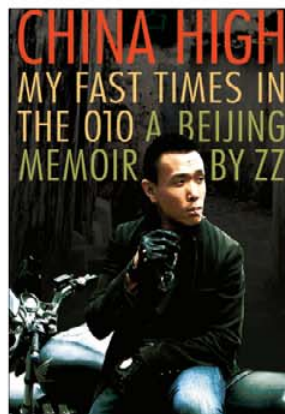
By Rachel Kramer Bussel



Growing Up Dead: The Hallucinated Confessions of a Teenage Deadhead
By Peter Dinklage
(Da Capo Press)



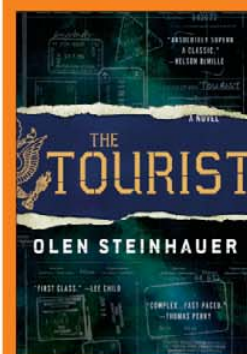
When Skateboards Will Be Free: A Memoir of a Political Childhood
By Saïd Sayrafiezadeh
(The Dial Press)



China High: My Fast Times in the O10: A Beijing Memoir
By ZZ
(St. Martin's Press)

HOOK	Suburban white kid gets high and forms a band. Then he discovers the Dead, goes to umpteen shows, gets high, sells drugs, repeat.	His divorced parents are die-hard socialists. His father cares more about "the workers" than his own children. Copies of socialist newspaper <i>The Militant</i> loom large.	Chinese-born, American-educated lawyer returns to China to run a startup, but winds up in prison for almost two weeks for Zigarettes (opium-laced cigarettes).
SEX APPEAL	Zero.	Some. He has secret make-out sessions with Guliana, four years his elder; later dates a <i>Martha Stewart Living</i> coworker he's lusted after.	Moderate. ZZ is constantly on the prowl and admits to having a "black fetish," but ultimately gets engaged.
DRUGS	Pot, LSD, coke, etc. Many vivid tales of the world stopping while he trips out at a show.	None.	Plenty, and he's an ardent defender.
CELEBRITY CAMEO	The Grateful Dead (on stage).	Martha Stewart—his boss (he's a graphic designer); author Mark Harris (his uncle).	Lethal Weapon (budding TV show host), ZZ himself (on a popular reality show).
POLITICS	Protests President Bush (41) appearing at his college.	On every page, from the Iran hostage crisis to the grape boycott to racism in schools.	China's zero-tolerance drug policy, corruption, porn laws, media censorship.
KEY QUOTE	"Deadheads take the natural advantages they are born with in this culture—skin color, wealth, education, etc.—and spit on them."	"Most comrades, including my mother ... had <i>chosen</i> to give up their careers for an opportunity at an authentic working-class experience."	"In any given 24-hour period something about this country is guaranteed to piss me off."

REVIEW



Charles Alexander is a nervous mess, popping go pills before landing in Slovenia in September 2001 on the trail of a rogue CIA agent who's run off with \$3 million of taxpayer money. Maybe because he's not Charles Alexander at all, but Milo Weaver, an American spy freelancing for the Company in Steinhauer's sixth novel, which explores the post-Cold War terrain of international intrigue, petty bureaucracy, marriage, fatherhood, and family secrets.

Steinhauer is at his best when his characters are dealing with the uncertainty of just who the enemy is in a world where the "us" and "them" in "us versus them" aren't exactly clear. The CIA finds itself at cross-purposes with everyone from the Chinese to Islamic revolutionaries, reformed KGB agents to America's own Department of Homeland Security. The creeping paranoia and mistrust is reflected in Weaver's relationship with his wife, Tina, starting with the skeletons in his own family's closet.

The Tourist deftly knits together a story from all these threads that, while short on gadgets and gunplay, is long on the nuts and bolts of "trade-craft," or the art and science of covert operations. It raises a lot of questions, but only answers enough to keep the story moving briskly and the reader's curiosity stoked through to the end. —Jackson West

Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?

Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.

I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women won't go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, watch it grow." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacamole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would grow. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

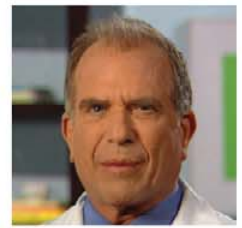
As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and

convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.



I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.



I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their

"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human prohormone and is the prohormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better than the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more than the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-630-3931. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain. ★

"a pill that, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."

women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely

A Pill That Can Increase Your Size!*

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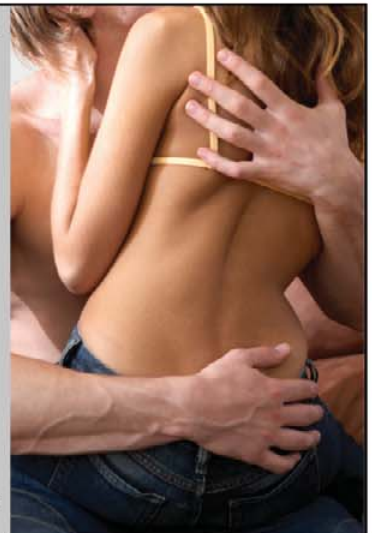


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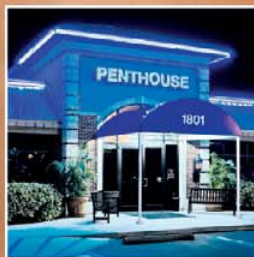
www.ExtenzeMe.com

*These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. Extenze is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.



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Sustainable Style

Forget Al Gore and that inconvenient truth. You can be stylish, practical, and environmentally correct all at the same time.

By Paul Stone

SMART CAR FORTWO PASSION COUPE

The first time I saw a Smart car, I thought, *Wow! That's different!* The prospect of driving it amid SUVs on a highway does not exactly fill me with confidence, but it is a nonhybrid—and thus nonpremium priced—way to improve fuel efficiency (33 miles

per gallon city/41 highway). The Smart car is a back-to-basics look at automobile engineering—the Dyson vacuum of the car world, if you will. The Passion Coupe is the next iteration of the popular Fortwo. The difference? Two new colors—"a sporty and intense

'rally red' and a cool and elegant 'gray metallic'"—the door nets have been replaced by solid storage areas, and a "loose gas cap" indicator light. Small changes, yes, but it's hard to improve on an out-of-the-gate winner. (SmartUSA.com; starts at \$14,000)

THE GOODS

APPLE MACBOOK PRO

Apple always makes beautiful things, but they haven't been that green ... until now. The new 15-inch and 17-inch MacBook Pros have enclosures that are recyclable, and boast mercury-free displays and arsenic-free glass. They also meet Energy Star requirements. Those enclosures are made from a single bit of aluminum, which means they're light (5.5 and 6.6 pounds), thin (0.95 and 0.98 inches!), and durable (due to "the rigid construction of the unibody"). There are various processor and hard-drive options, and you get all the usual bells and whistles, including two USB ports (three on the 17-inch) and one FireWire port; built-in Wi-Fi, Bluetooth, and Ethernet capability; the Leopard operating system and iLife; and an 8x SuperDrive. Oh, and the battery on the 17-inch model lasts eight hours on a single charge and can be charged 1,000 times ... a good thing, since it's built into the computer. (Apple.com; starts at \$2,000)



KOR ONE HYDRATION VESSEL

This gorgeous container is what all boring water bottles aspire to be. It's absolutely stunning; features a swivel-open top that can't get lost, with an opening wide enough for ice cubes and easy cleaning; and holds a generous 25 ounces of liquid refreshment. It's also BPA-free (natch), tapered, and has an ergonomic handle. We'll skip the New Agey optional token "stones" and their motivating messages, but a toxin-free bottle that holds two beers and is dishwasher-safe? Sold. (KorWater.com; \$30)





CY-FI WIRELESS SPEAKERS

If you're riding a bicycle to save the planet—or even for exercise—this iPod-compatible speaker should be right up your alley, so to speak. There are no cords to get in your way, more than six hours' battery life, and it's compatible with most cellphones, MP3 players, and PDAs. This is supersmart thinking that will enable you to ride tangle free ... and loud. (MyCyFi.com; \$200)

ECO MEDIA PLAYER REVOLUTION

This player may not have the sexiest name, but it'll never run out of juice. Why? You wind it up for power. One minute of turning the wheel gets you 45 minutes of music, video, photo viewing, even an LED light. You can record to it from vinyl, FM radio, line-in hi-fi, and an external microphone. It's genius. You can even use it to charge your cellphone if the power goes out. (EcoMediaPlayer.com; \$200)



The Cy-Fi wireless speaker and Revolution media player can help you save the planet one song at a time.



JOLLY GREEN GIANTS

You want to do right by the environment and get a hybrid to help reduce fossil-fuel usage. But what about your bass boat and fishing posse?

By Bill Heald

These have been crazy times for the auto industry, what with fuel prices bouncing around like a basketball, and a slowing economy. But the engineering elves have been busy nonetheless, and have created some rides that many thought weren't possible: big, brawny luxury SUVs that have all-wheel drive, deliver excellent power and towing capacity, and still get decent fuel economy. Here are two green yet still mean rides that bridge a gap between two very different worlds.

CADILLAC ESCALADE FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE HYBRID

Caddy's bling-encrusted E-Lade has been the choice of affluent types for years, from rappers to brokers and more than a few professional athletes. It has always offered luxury, power, and room to spare, and the rating to tow a variety of exotic toys. It's also been a target for environmental types due to its robust appetite for fuel, but the new hybrid version may allay some of that criticism. Armed with a six-liter V-8 and a dual synchronous motor system, the Escalade Hybrid purrs along in slow traffic on electric power like a giant golf cart, but with an exceptional sound system. Ride quality is good yet the suspension

SPECIFICATIONS


Body style	Full-size SUV
Engine	Hybrid six-liter V-8 with AC electric
Power	332 horsepower
Torque	367 foot-pounds
Transmission	Two-mode hybrid automatic
Front tires	285/45 R22
Rear tires	285/45 R22
Curb weight	6,016 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	8.64 seconds
Towing capacity	5,600 pounds
Fuel capacity	24.5 gallons
Fuel economy	20 city/21 highway
Price (as tested)	\$75,330



CHRYSLER ASPEN LIMITED HYBRID 4X4

The Chrysler Aspen is a fairly new vehicle in this class, and the hybrid version uses the company's famed 5.7-liter HEMI V-8 mated to an electric motor system. Like the Escalade, the Aspen uses a two-mode automatic transmission that both companies claim aids highway mileage and manual ratios if desired. The interior is cavernous and well-appointed, and the third-row seat folds flat into the floor to expand cargo capacity. The Aspen feels more powerful than the Escalade and indeed is quicker off the line, but the Cadillac has a better suspension. The Aspen is also rated to tow a bit more, but both can handle a lot of payload as well. The Aspen's hybrid system can also propel the big beast on e-power alone in stop-and-go traffic, and as with the Cadillac, this is where the most dramatic improvement in mileage is experienced. In both of these vehicles, the hybrid system integrates very smoothly with the gas engine, making the green driving process a painless and even luxurious affair. 

is firm enough to make the Cadillac handle quite well when driven by an eco-warrior in a hurry. You give up next to nothing by paying a premium for the hybrid drive train, for mileage improves with only a partial loss of towing capacity compared with the ordinary Escalade. My only real gripe is a third-row seat you have to remove completely in order to help your comely neighbor move—a problem shared by the nonhybrid as well.

SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Full-size SUV
Engine	Hybrid 5.7-liter HEMI V-8 with two AC electric motors
Power	400 horsepower
Torque	380 foot-pounds
Transmission	Two-mode hybrid
Front tires	265/60 18
Rear tires	265/60 18
Curb weight	5,637 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	7.96 seconds
Towing capacity	6,000 pounds
Fuel capacity	27 gallons
Fuel economy	20 city/ 22 highway
Price (as tested)	\$46,420



Honda's Greater Insight

While the Toyota Prius has been the most popular hybrid by far, the aerodynamic Honda Insight, which arrived here in 1999, was actually the first in the States. The car wasn't that popular, though, and disappeared in 2006. But this summer an all-new four-door hatchback Insight will emerge as a genuine Prius fighter. Honda claims this Insight will have room for five, Integrated Motor Assist that will team an electric motor with the gas engine, and a new interactive, driver-focused, fuel-economy-enhancement technology called Ecological Drive Assist. One of the key goals of this new Insight is to deliver true hybrid fuel economy at an affordable price, with a rumored base price of under \$20,000. The company plans to sell 200,000 Insights the first year, with half of them destined for North America. The car definitely looks like a winner, although its resemblance to its Toyota archenemy is pretty blatant. When the new 2010 Prius arrives later this year, it will be interesting to see which car will be the new miles-per-gallon champ.



FRUGAL, FUNKY, AND FAST

Kymco may not be a household name when it comes to scooters, but the company builds solid machinery and a two-wheeler that is downright Xciting!


By Bill Heald

When it comes to saving gas, it's hard to beat a scooter. But these sensible rides can be a bit weak on the performance front for those of us who require serious sporting character in our mount of choice. Enter Kymco's Xciting 500Ri. This new scooter is basically a performance-oriented sport bike concealed in a scooter body, yet it maintains all the attributes scooters are famous for (lightweight, automatic transmission, lots of under-seat storage, and a modest appetite for gas). This excellent city transport is also loaded with the kind of features that make it a truly classy ride, and an entertaining way to rail around town.

Naturally, you can't get great acceleration without a fairly substantial engine, and the Xciting 500Ri has a liquid-cooled, fuel-injected single that delivers a lot of muscle for a scooter. It also has a little bit of attitude, so you can feel the engine more than a lot of the less powerful scooters, which are more like electric motors. But instead of being buzzy, the Xciting engine encourages you to thrash it and pass everything you encounter. The continuously variable transmission is flawless in operation and completely automatic (you just twist the throttle and go),

and the brakes are not the average scooter fare. Up front the Xciting has dual petal-style discs that look like they were stolen from a racing motorcycle, and the single rear disc is linked to the front brake lever in addition to having its own dedicated lever. These levers are adjustable for different hand sizes, and the anti-lock braking system is a \$500 option that is well worth the investment when you need to nail the brakes in wet weather.

So, you can go and stop with great urgency, but how does she handle? Steering is light and quick, and yet there's still plenty of high-speed stability for highway cruising and a cool sport wind-screen to help keep the windblast off your chest. Telescopic front forks are balanced with dual rear shocks that adjust for spring preload. The upright riding position is comfortable, with an adjustable backrest and broad floorboards that allow a wide variety of riders to find comfortable leg placement. The passenger accommodations are likewise roomy, so those tall, leggy supermodels you date have no need to fret.

The Xciting has a bevy of useful features, including a generous under-seat storage area that has a hydraulic strut to ease access and even a small dome light. A glove box resides between your legs and boasts a 12-volt socket and holder for your cellphone. Hey, there's nothing like a good measure of practicality and environmental friendliness in a machine that's a blast to ride. 

It might not be visible to the naked eye, but beneath the Xciting's slick, practical exterior lurks the soul of a sport bike.



SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled DOHC single
Bore x stroke	92 mm x 75 mm
Displacement	498.5 cc
Fuel system	Electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	CVT automatic
Front suspension	Telescopic forks
Rear suspension	Dual shocks
Front brakes	Dual petal discs (ABS optional)
Rear brake	Single disc (ABS optional)
Front tire	120/70 15
Rear tire	150/70 14
Fuel tank	3.38 gallons
Wheelbase	61.8 inches
Seat height	30.25 inches
Dry weight	473 pounds/ 488 pounds with ABS
MSRP	\$6,299/\$6,799 with ABS



■ HIDE YOUR HAND

"Don't have the sex-history talk until you're exclusive, and you've had sex. Do it over a drink—'cause she'll tell you more if she's not sober."

■ NEED-TO-KNOW BASIS

"The most important question to ask is about STDs. Put it nicely. Ask her if she always uses condoms. The conversation will naturally flow from there. And if she doesn't use condoms, she's not thinking about her sexual health. Run out the door!"

■ SHE COUNTS LIKE BERNIE MADOFF

"I don't think it really matters how many people she's had sex with. Don't even ask. Anyway, she's probably gonna chop five or ten people from her actual number before she gives you a total. And that total does not include the one-night stands she had when she was fucked up."

■ TAIL TALLY

"Most girls just won't care about the number of women you've had sex with, so just tell her, if she asks. It's definitely more acceptable for a guy to have a higher number than his girlfriend. If it's particularly high, though, she might be worried that she won't measure up to the other women."


■ THE GARBAGE DUMP

"Find out if she's slept with any of your friends. You don't want to fuck a girl after one of your buddies has. This is an extreme example, but one of my friends found out that the girl he had been fucking had already fucked one of his friends. And one of their hookups was an hour apart!"

■ SEX, LIES, AND MORE LIES

"There's no guarantee that she'll tell you if she cheated on a previous boyfriend. She doesn't want to give you the impression that she has a tendency to cheat. But if she has, you should be a little more guarded. You don't want to look like an idiot."

■ HEAR NO EVIL

"Some girls are open about their past, like my friends, who are blunt bitches. They'd be like, 'I wouldn't be so good at sucking your dick if I didn't have all this experience!' Other girls are really shy about it. If a girl doesn't want to answer a question, she's been around the block." 

Bag Check

Everybody's got relationship baggage, but no guy wants to carry his girlfriend's, too. Penthouse Pet Teagan Presley explains how you can date her, not her cargo.

By Jonathan Ages

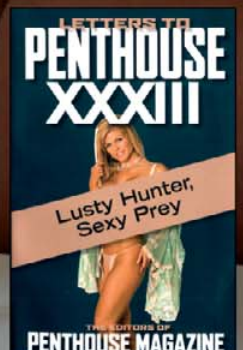
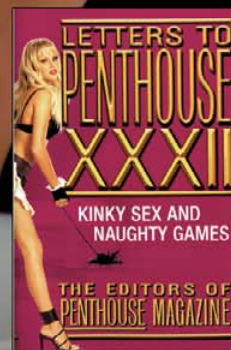
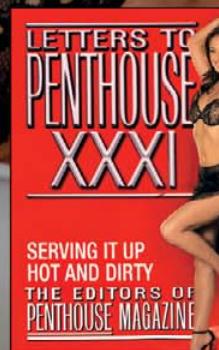
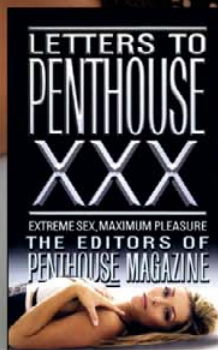
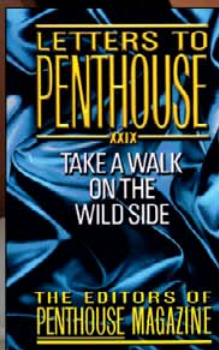
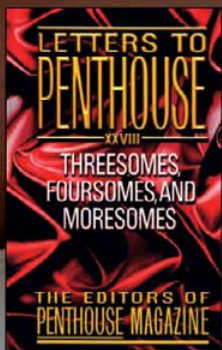


Curl up with a good book.

Sometimes you long to jump in bed for some hot sex. Other times, you just want to curl up with a good book. Why not do both? Now you can with the *Penthouse* series, published by Grand Central Publishing.

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SCOUNDREL

Tossing Her Salad

Sharing your digs with a vegetarian girlfriend doesn't mean you have to eat shit like veggies all the time. Convince her to "meat" you halfway. Here are some words of wisdom from our twenty-first-century rogue.

Illustration by Celia Calle



My live-in girlfriend gained about 30 pounds while her father was dying of cancer, and in order to lose it, she went vegetarian. Now she's telling me I can't have meat in the house. I'm happy she dropped the weight, of course, and she's even hotter than before since those last couple of pounds she obsesses about add nicely to her curves, but there's no fucking way I'm giving up meat. Everyone is telling me that I can't break up with her over this, though, and that I should be understanding of her needs because she's still grieving. I don't want to break up with her at all, but she's the one delivering ultimatums. What am I supposed to do? We live in a pretty small town, and I'm afraid I'll have to move to get a freaking date if I leave her.

As the saying goes, there's no such thing as a free lunch. And while it's true that a lunch without deli meat ain't worth a damn, the fact remains: If you're reaping the rewards of your girl's newfound hotness, you gotta pay your dues. Look, would you pound tequila shots in front of a recovering alcoholic? (Well, maybe if it was a first date and she was a serious butterface, but you know what I mean.) First off, try to convince her that a strictly vegetarian diet is unhealthy, and cite studies that prove it (don't mention that the study's lead scientists were ... um, lemme see ... "Dr." Ronald McDonald and, uh, "Professor" Burger King). If she still dogs you about eating franks, try to meet her halfway—maybe she'll agree to keeping meat in the house that doesn't tempt her, like Spam or pig's knuckle (if so, hide some beef jerky under that Spam). Or maybe you can stow the goods in a fridge in the basement, Jeffrey Dahmer-style. If she sees that you're at least willing to compromise, she'll be far less likely to keep busting your proverbial chops. And of course you can still have those secret drive-thru runs and stadium franks. Who knows, you may end up coming out ahead: If you give up beef, she might let you pork her more often.

FREE SAMPLE

Size does matter

Zencore Plus® – The next generation of *natural* male enhancement.

☒ **Works in 45 minutes or less** ☒ **Lasts up to 24 hours** ☒ **And it's FREE!**

If you think that all male enhancement formulas are the same, just ask Curt B. of Scottsdale, Arizona. "My problem started a few years ago. I was no longer able to sustain a hard, firm erection and my libido was just not the same."

"When the new prescription medications came out, I was excited. But it soon became clear that I couldn't deal with all the nasty side effects. So I turned to the over-the-counter supplements, but they just didn't work."

Works the first time. Every time.

Now there's good news for millions of men like Curt. Zencore Plus® is the next generation of powerful sexual performance supplements that really work. In just 45 minutes or less, you'll be ready to go. And it lasts up to 24 hours. That's an entire day of around-the-clock intense sexual pleasure!

In fact, Zencore Plus® is so sure that it will work the first time and every time that they are giving away a free sample pack to every man who wants to experience the power of natural male enhancement.

Stamina & desire trough the roof!

The secret is a proven combination of powerful natural herbs that enhances long, lasting, harder and firmer erections and boosts sexual stamina and energy. "It was incredible," adds Curt. "I never experienced anything like that before!"

"I'm in my early 40s, but it was like I was 19 again! I was finally able to meet the challenge of my very passionate partner and prove to be the all-night, untiring lover I always wanted to be," added Curt.

No adverse side effects

Zencore Plus® uses a coumarin called "osthole" which stimulates the production of nitric oxide. This leads to the production of cGMP which ultimately affects the smooth muscle relaxation and allows the penile arteries to expand and fill with blood. So you get wider, thicker and harder and firmer erections quickly.

"Best of all, I had no adverse reactions or side effects at all. Zencore Plus is all natural and totally safe which is important to me. And it works so quickly, I couldn't believe it. With other

products, I had to wait 30 days to get results. With Zencore Plus®, it was less than 45 minutes."

Delighted users

Shawn from New York says "there are so many products on the market. I'm glad I was able to find yours. It works quickly and powerfully. I will be a lifelong customer."

Ron from Seattle adds that "I love your product. There are no side effects."

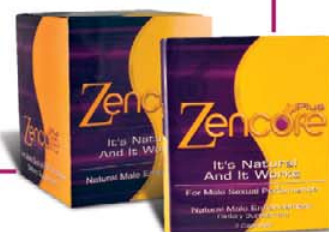
Peter from LA says "I'm a younger guy who was embarrassed...but now I feel like a man again!"

Free giveaway

"Every guy has problems with their sexual performance at some time in their life. Every guy should make the call and get Zencore Plus®. You have absolutely nothing to lose."

The Benefits of Zencore Plus®

- Takes only 45 minutes to work
- Lasts up to 24 hours
- Promotes stamina, desire, and arousal
- Harder & firmer erections
- Gives you back your confidence
- No adverse side effects



For your FREE SAMPLE call now
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www.GetZencore.com



Pollute Yourself, Not Your Planet

Want to feel virtuous while you're at the neighborhood bar in search of a good buzz? Try getting toxic on organics.

By Alexander Colby

You've seen the organic section in produce aisles for years now, abundant with pesticide-free, nongenetically modified bounty. Sure, the tomatoes look a little weird, but you feel better after making the switch, if only in conscience. Under the same auspices of thinking globally and acting locally, organic alternatives to your usual swill are turning up at the liquor store. We're happy to say that getting hammered and saving the planet are not mutually exclusive.

The easiest and purest spirit to distill is vodka, so that category has the most green selections on the market. For instance, the Americans who bring you Pete's Wicked Ale also supply **Shakers Vodka**, available in both wheat and rye distillations. They provide an alternative to brands that contain harsh impurities (methanol and acetaldehyde, to name two, can still be bad for you at the allowable minute levels). The bottle looks like a classy glass shaker, and the label is sophisticated enough to lend you an air of refinement and taste. Both versions make excellent standard martinis.

Old-school aficionados might prefer **Chopin Potato Vodka**, which is distilled four times from organically grown potatoes in a region of Poland that has seen little industrialization, leaving the soil particularly fertile. It was introduced in 1997, and has gained enough ground to become the world's first luxury potato vodka. It's touted on the strength of flavor alone, given its hint of sweetness from the spuds, and its organic origin is practically a footnote. Drink it well-chilled on its own, or try this spring cocktail from the distributors, the Ginger Zing: two ounces vodka in a Collins glass with ice, ginger

ale, and a long twist of lime. In either case, pronounce *Chopin* correctly when ordering so you don't look like a chump ("shoh-pan," brother).

Square One Organic Vodka hails from Marin County, in Northern California, and takes its inspiration from the local organic farmers-market community. The creators say it's the greenest clear spirit available, and claim that the ingredients are so pure that only a single distillation is needed to produce a vodka of excellence. Square One is committed to environmentally sustainable farming—even the rye by-product is usable postproduction and sold as cattle feed to an organic dairy farm—so if you support such efforts, indulge in guilt-free drinking.

Ocean Vodka is a Hawaiian organic spirit that has eco-consciousness at its heart. It's a family-owned and -operated business that hand-distills every batch of corn- and rye-based booze using desalinated seawater from 3,000 feet down, so it's safe from surface pollutants. The company's vodka is certified organic, and the firm donates a portion of the profits to organizations working to conserve ocean resources. Try it with organic pineapple juice for maximum Hawaiian satisfaction. (No guarantees that you'll get lei'd.)

Tru Organic Spirits takes green vodka to the next level with flavored varieties in "hand-zested" lemon and "hand-scraped" vanilla. (There is also an organic gin.) The company is dedicated to its sustainable mission, so it pledges to plant a tree for every bottle sold. By drinking Tru, you are, in effect, planting a tree, with the added bonus of raising a glass instead of a spade. Cheers to you. 





HONORABLE MENTIONS

Their booze isn't 100 percent organic, but two companies' libations provide added health benefits.



Lotus Vodka carries a hint of citrus, but you won't taste the added zing of vitamins, including a B complex, which greatly assists in preventing hangovers. Meanwhile, 3 A.M., by 3 Vodka, is distilled largely from soybeans and contains the late-nighter's dream combo of taurine, caffeine, and guarana. No need for Red Bull, and it's sweet enough to serve solo on the rocks.

Ready to woo that cute hippie chick out of her hemp-fiber skirt? Mix up this eco-friendly concoction and talk about how recycling gets you hot. (Never mind pomegranate juice's antioxidants and prostate-health benefits; it's reputed to profoundly assist erectile functionality. You'll be extra perky!)

THE BLEEDING HEART LIBERAL

- Two oz. organic vodka
- One oz. fresh-squeezed, organically grown lemon juice
- Three oz. pomegranate juice (organic is preferred, of course, if you can find it)
- Two sprigs of fresh mint

Put mint sprigs in cocktail glass and muddle them, mix liquid ingredients in a shaker and chill with ice, strain into glass.

THE PENTHOUSE TOP 40

WAYS TO IMPROVE YOUR SCORE

Do you feel awkward, puzzled, or rusty at the dating game? Try these 40 key points to improve your inner and outer game, because both are vital when it comes to getting girls.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

■ **1. WHAT TURNS YOU ON?** We tend to select partners based on similarity, so if you prefer certain qualities in women, it is helpful to cultivate the same in yourself. Do fit, shapely women attract you? Hit the gym. If you love easygoing women with a good sense of humor, moonlight as a stand-up comedian, even if you only perform for friends.

■ **2. WHAT'S YOUR TYPE?** Pick a prototype that most suits your personality—the rescuer, the musician, the entertainer, the psychic, the artist, the entrepreneur—and work on projecting that image. Are you impressive when discussing business affairs and look best in a suit and tie? Develop a professional look.

■ **3. GET IN GEAR.** Almost all women are attracted to men in uniform, particularly those that signify courage and virility. Auto racing or motorcycle gear, or any signifier of a risk-taking profession or hobby, appeal to the many women who are drawn to daredevils. Personally, I have always been attracted to men in white—doctors, scientists, even laboratory researchers.

■ **4. CLEANUP!** Practice good grooming and dental hygiene. Two of girls' biggest turnoffs are bad breath and body odor.

■ **5. GOOD SCENTS.** Use a little cologne, preferably one with pheromones. Research has confirmed that women are more attracted to men who wear pheromone-based colognes or aftershave additives.

■ **6. HAIRRAIDS.** Many men feel insecure about their hair, particularly if they are prone to male pattern baldness. But don't try to disguise your bald spots by combing them over. Instead, keep your hair short or shave it off. Baldness can be quite sexy—just think of Bruce Willis and Andre Agassi. But be sure to get rid of hairs growing where they don't belong, such as in the ear and nose.

■ **7. GET NAILED.** Women love manly hands, but if your nails look like jagged saws with suspicious black fungus under them, she is unlikely to yearn for your touch. File and clean your nails regularly, or get a manicure, even if you think it's gay. Nail salons provide an excellent opportunity to meet women.

■ **8. WORK OUT.** While men are often attracted to women's faces, women are more likely to be turned on by a guy's body. Indeed, in one survey of women's sexual preferences, broad shoulders, muscular arms, a small butt, narrow hips, and a flat belly were among the top ten physical characteristics women found sexually appealing. Displays of strength (even such relatively mundane ones as moving furniture) can be sexy.

■ **9. SPEAK EASY.** To make your voice more attractive to women, lower your pitch, enunciate, slow down, and animate your voice. Another way to improve your speaking skills is to take an acting class—it's also a great way to meet hot actress-wannabes!

■ **10. DRESS TO KILL.** If you're considered a meek, shy, and sensitive guy, wearing black clothing may give you a more masculine edge. If you are more of a macho guy, a white shirt may soften your persona. Unlike men, who are attracted to women in provocative clothing, women judge men in tight-fitting or revealing clothes to be less attractive, so stay away from muscle shirts. Also, avoid wearing sports-team clothing—Derek Jeter doesn't wear his jerseys in public, and neither should you.

■ **11. LIST YOUR STRONG POINTS.** Think of your innate talents, all the compliments you have received, or things that come easily to you. Frequently review this list to reinforce your belief in your strengths. Continually remind yourself of these good qualities, and try to project them in all your interpersonal activities, even on the Internet.

■ **12. DON'T BE INTIMIDATED.** Men often rate other men higher in looks than women do. Don't make the mistake of not approaching a woman because you think there are tons of hotter men around—you are probably overestimating your competition and underestimating yourself.

■ **13. STAY FOCUSED.** Tell yourself that no opinion but your own is important. Never think, *She's going to turn me down because I'm such a nerd.* Think, *If she turns me down, it's bad timing. I know I'm a guy who lots of other women will want.*

■ **14. FAKE IT TILL YOU MAKE IT.** Since our moods often follow our actions, visualize yourself as a confident, happy, relaxed alpha male who always captures the attention of women as he walks through the door.

■ **15. DON'T BE SELF-CENTERED.** If you're afraid that you will strike out with a hot babe, you may start thinking that you are unworthy of her. But whether she likes you or not may have nothing to do with you and everything to do with her. Accept that fact and never blame yourself for failure—external, situational, and temporary factors probably played a large role.

■ **16. TAKE A CHANCE.** The self-confident man recognizes that he might not always succeed, but that success is possible. He willingly takes on the challenge of, for example, moving in on a woman whom others might think is way too hot for him. What counts is that he tried to live up to his self-image. This is all you should ask of yourself.

■ **17. DEMYSTIFY HER SEX APPEAL.** You need to get over being entranced by superficial beauty. Imagine her without makeup, with oily hair, sitting on the toilet, passing gas, and



18 GET AN ENTOURAGE.
TRY TO HANG
WITH GUYS WHO EXHIBIT
A HIGH DEGREE OF
SELF-CONFIDENCE.

THE PENTHOUSE TOP 40

picking her nose—trust me, even the hottest women do it! Then think of all the ways in which she tried to enhance her looks.

19. WIDEN YOUR HORIZONS. Try sampling from different ethnic and age categories. Approaching foreign women will give you an idea of how women from different cultures react to you. You might find that Asian women find you too direct, while Eastern-European women love your style. The more different women you meet, the better you will be at anticipating different types of reactions.

20. DON'T LOSE THAT SENSE OF HUMOR. Whenever you begin to take the situation too seriously, try to look at it from the point of view of a TV-sitcom writer, and let yourself have a good laugh. Being funny and witty will help you attract women. Stay away from racist, ethnic, sexist, political, and religious jokes, and let her make the first sexually explicit comment.

21. HELP OUT. Among the most effective tactics for attracting women are good manners and acting sympathetic and caring. Doing charity work in your spare time will not only provide you with an opportunity to meet women, but will also give you plenty of conversational material.

22. GET A DOG. Women, by and large, are animal lovers; a cute cat or dog provides a good topic for conversation and marks you as a kind, caring guy.

23. BE A DREAMER. You don't have to be rich or have a great job to date hot women, but most desirable women want guys who have goals. Even if you don't have a good job or are unemployed, tell her about your ambitions and how much you look forward to working toward them.

24. WATCH YOUR MANNERS. Most women still yearn for displays of chivalry and good manners, no matter how financially independent or liberated they are. You will definitely up your chances of scoring with her if you open and hold a door for her.

25. DON'T BESHY. Women are always more comfortable around men they have seen before than they are with strangers. If you continually run into the woman of your dreams on campus, in a gym, or at the dry cleaners (accidentally, or perhaps not quite so), she is more likely to respond positively to you when you finally say hello than if you are a total stranger.

26. EXPLORE HER NATURAL HABITAT. Think of what your prototypical woman is like, and where she would spend her time. If you like hot models, you need to frequent beauty salons, tanning places, and designer clothing stores. While being a visitor to one of these habitats creates good opportunities, being a resident of that habitat is even better. Working out in the same gym as a hottie makes it possible to meet her, but being a fitness instructor increases your chances.

27. BE PREPARED. You should always be ready to meet the woman of your dreams. Look for opportunities to be helpful to



a damsel in distress. If she looks lost, offer her directions and tell her you happen to be going that way. If you see her with a heavy shopping bag, offer to help her carry it to her car. (Warning: Do not attempt this if the surroundings could make her think you're a predator.) Carry a large umbrella with you on days when there is a chance of rain, and look for a beauty who forgot to check the weather forecast—then offer to walk her under yours wherever she's going.

28. GET A WINGWOMAN. Using a buddy to approach women on your behalf is often a good tactic. Working out a deal with a trusted female friend where you line up members of the opposite sex for each other is even better. If your female friend far exceeds you in attractiveness, women are likely to imbue you with more positive characteristics—he *must* have something special to attract a woman like that. Just make sure the two of you don't look like a couple.

29. BE A POWER PLAYER. Women instinctively are attracted to the dominant male. Expressive, gregarious guys who keep their heads high, speak with authority, and maintain an upright posture are perceived as more dominant and, therefore, attractive.

30. SMILE! Women are universally attracted to genuine smiles. This should come naturally, since it's easy to smile when you're looking at a hot woman.

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■ **31. WALK TALL.** Women like men who walk with a certain saunter or swagger. Put some bounce in your step, smoothness and looseness in your body movements, and you will be perceived as a younger, sexier, and more vigorous male.

■ **32. MIRROR HER ACTIONS ...** Experiments have shown that people will evaluate a person who is deliberately mirroring their postures more favorably without being consciously aware of it. If she is crossing her hands in front of her chest, do the same; when she takes a sip of her drink, copy her move. Make sure you do this mirroring subtly and casually, and don't copy any purely feminine gestures.

■ **33. AND HER FEELINGS.** Forget about the expression *opposites attract*, as decades of social-science research has proven otherwise. If you want to score with a hottie, you need to show her how similar you are in attitudes, beliefs, values, and life goals. Research has found that women are affected much more by attitude similarity than men are, as guys are so affected by the sight of an attractive woman's face and body that they tend to disregard everything else, including her values.

**NO MATTER HOW LIBERATED THEY ARE,
MOST WOMEN YEARN
FOR CHIVALRY
AND GOOD MANNERS.**



■ **34. LOOK IN HER EYES.** Your eyes are your primary flirting tools. Engage a woman by staring at her intensely for a few seconds, then dropping your eyelids and diverting your gaze. If she is interested, she will likely respond with an intense gaze of her own followed by a smile the next time you glance at her.

■ **35. LISTEN.** It is far more important to know how to listen than how to talk. Once you have engaged her in conversation, keep her interest with appropriate facial expressions. Raising your eyebrows to display surprise, nodding to indicate agreement, and smiling to punctuate a joke helps to keep her attention. Do not blow it by "spacing out" and blankly staring at her chest!

■ **36. GET CLOSE.** Instead of the impersonal "What would you like to drink?" say, "I love this drink, want to try it?" Up the conversational intimacy level by using "we" statements. Tell the bartender "we really love that drink," or the host of the party "we really love your place." Another way to reinforce a feeling of intimacy is to frequently address her by her name. Ask her what her family and friends call her and use that. Most people love the sound of their own name, and for women it's particularly intoxicating.

■ **37. OPEN UP.** One of the most important aspects of verbal flirting is what psychologists call "reciprocal disclosure"—the exchange of personal information. People who disclose information about themselves are preferred to those who are unwilling to reveal much. If she discloses some personal detail, reciprocate as soon as possible by revealing something similar about yourself. However, avoid revealing too much too soon; escalate the level of intimacy gradually.

■ **38. GIVE HER A SPECIAL COMPLIMENT.** Hot women know that they are hot, thus, you are unlikely to impress her by pointing that out to her. Instead, based on what you learn about her, flatter her by praising her insights, her taste, and her sense of humor. She'll appreciate that you appreciate her unique qualities.

■ **39. ADD A FLEETING TOUCH.** When you're talking, increase your connection by lightly, as if it were accidental, brushing your hand on her arm. A brief touch on the arm during a social encounter between strangers has both immediate and lasting positive effects. If she finds you likable, it should prompt some reciprocal increase in intimacy, such as increased eye contact, more smiling, or more exchange of personal information.

■ **40. PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.** One of the hardest things is to maintain your self-confidence despite repeated rejection. To overcome this, practice under less stressful conditions. See if you can have a nice conversation with a female neighbor or the girl behind the counter at Starbucks. She doesn't have to be a beauty, and you don't have to pick her up or take her out—just see if you can capture her interest for five minutes. Every time you succeed, the next time is easier. When you feel like you have it down, then you can take on the supermodel you've had your eye (and mind) on. ☺



erica



raunchy reality

Last winter, 2008 Pet of the Year Erica Ellyson steamed up our plasma screens as a contestant on the reality show *Momma's Boys*. But she walked away broken-hearted, so we decided to show those boys exactly what they're missing.

Photographs by Alan Eigen





Her castmates knew her as a sweet, girl-next-door type, but her bedmates would beg to differ. Just ask Jaime Hammer—Erica was more than happy to get down and dirty on film with our November 2007 Pet of the Month.









On the show, Erica captivated firefighter Michael Sarysz with her Southern charm (or maybe it was her 34-24-34 body)—after greatly improving her chances by totally winning over his mom. But she kept her naughty résumé under wraps until the final episode.





Even after her secret was out, Erica still had Momma's approval, but Michael balked at her full disclosure. Which made us wonder: What kind of guy turns down the chance to have a Penthouse Pet fulfill his fantasies?





"I knew deep down it was too much for him to handle," Erica says of her steamy confession. We hope she's done wasting her time with "momma's boys," because we know plenty of guys who would be happy to handle her.





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warriorwire





I Love a Man in Uniform

An Army wife, far from her husband on the battlefield, celebrates the sexual power of military uniforms and, more important, the character of the men who wear them.

By Lily Burana

In the countless lonely hours while my husband, Mike, a military intelligence officer, was 7,500 miles away in the Middle East, I spent an inordinately large amount of time staring at his official Army photo, admiring the racked ribbons and medals that marked his accomplishments, crushed out like a high school girl with a belly full of butterflies. I looked at him in his Class A uniform and imagined how it would be to once again straighten his tie, and tried to remember how his hands felt on my body. I mentally indexed the individual pieces of his "fruit salad," trying to see how many I could remember. My husband's medals had meaning to me because his heart beat beneath them. In my sentimental state, I'd become his little fruit-salad stalker. Forlorn, isolated, and wracked with the worst possible case of skin hunger, I was beside myself with longing. I didn't know what else to do.

The Army's Family Readiness Group prepares a wife for loneliness, anxiety, and the urge to impulse-buy while her spouse is away, but they don't say

squat about the torture of the War Hornies. One of nature's cruel tricks was that when I had sunk to my very lost and loneliest, my libido started its stalking patrol. Absence makes the heart grow fonder; what it does to the rest of you makes you want to avert your gaze whenever you pass a church.

Thinking and yearning, this was the sum of my lonely nights. I found one of Mike's Army undershirts at the bottom of the laundry basket and started slaving like Pavlov's dog. Next thing I knew, I was sleeping in the shirt, hugging the shirt, smelling it as if I could breathe in more than the scent of faded sweat, shampoo, and the clothes the shirt was buried beneath.

Eager for any connection to Mike, I developed an unholy attachment to my laptop and my cellphone. I slept with them both in the bed. I brought the phone into the bathroom with me when I showered, and checked e-mail roughly ten times an hour. Even the briefest message from Mike could illuminate my entire day. I resolved to make my months alone a bit less weird by staying active. I signed up for a weeklong workshop in June at the ranch of a noted western writer whose work I'd admired since she first started publishing. In the ancient link between eros and art, it's been postulated that a bout of deprivation stokes the creative drive. Some artists pledged a vow of celibacy to support a period of accelerated output. I figured I'd tear a page from that playbook. What else was I going to do? Pace the bedroom in a Saran Wrap bikini?

And I wasn't the only lonely heart with too much time on her hands. In those first months of the war, the online military-spouse community flourished. Some websites offered a generous collection of resources and opportunities for networking. Others offered homecoming tips and links to Frederick's of Hollywood and Victoria's Secret for picking out lingerie for the big reunion night. Other sites featured ads selling decals and T-shirts declaring "I [heart] My Soldier" and "Proud Marine Wife." The marketing of military spousedom was impressively wide-ranging: stickers, teddy bears, ball caps, jewelry, key chains. A bumper sticker stating, "Half my heart is in Iraq," was hotly debated in the online forums as a show of loving tribute or a way to turn your car into stalker bait.

And, as ever, the march of the yellow-ribbon campaign continued. The yellow ribbon has a centuries-old significance. In a popular nineteenth-century marching song, a lovelorn soldier's girl wore a yellow ribbon around her neck for her man "far, far away." (Confession: I, like many other Americans, had thought the yellow ribbon trend started with Tony Orlando's "Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Ole Oak Tree," which is about an inmate coming home from prison!) But now? A girl could do so much more. As the war rolled along, the inventory increased. I stared at my laptop screen, stupefied: pillowcases, tote bags, even thongs and shot glasses. I laughed when I came across a coffee mug that said "Sexually Deprived for Your Freedom." I appreciated the stark irreverence. In a time of war, people become achingly earnest and puffed with sentiment. Sarcasm is in short supply, and when a little sass blows through, it's like a cool breeze clearing out a smoke-filled room.

There's strong, and then there's Army strong. Correspondingly, there's hot, and then there's Army hot. I loved that Mike was part of the ground



forces—rich with history and earthy appeal. He would not be an airman or a sailor. He would not choose a specialty based on skimming the air, bulling his way through the seas, or jumping from planes. He felt no shame about his rudimentary parachutist training; after completing the required five parachute jumps, he bore the mantle "five jump chump," and his airborne wings were pounded into his chest at Fort Benning. "Want your blood wings, soldier?" the training company commander asked. Mike shouted, "Hooah, sir!" and the instructor smashed the heel of his palm into the wings so that they pierced the skin just above Mike's heart.

You know what's hot about soldiers? They know things, important things about protection and survival. The great outdoors is the great unknown to me, and to revere my man as a sage of this realm had real meaning. He taught me about chewing match heads so mosquitoes don't bite you—they are repelled by the sulfur in your bloodstream—and how to scare away coyotes nosing around your tent by making a shaker out of a handful of pennies in an empty soda can sealed up with duct tape.

You know what else is hot about soldiers? They've done things. When we met, Mike's accomplishments were a big attraction, and that only ramped up when we knew he was leaving for the war, which would not be called "the Iraq War" by the military conversant, but rather, it would be folded into the larger Global War on Terrorism, aka GWOT, sounding in its pronunciation—"G-WOT!"—like a sound effect from Japanese anime. He was about to accomplish yet another significant feat.

Within the soldier's outsize capability and experience is the humble element of purpose. There's something deeply stirring about a man responding to the call of duty, and in hearing war stories delivered

with a strong dose of modesty. At the core, being a soldier means possessing an unself-conscious capability. Selfless service is one of the Army values. It's also a powerful aphrodisiac. A firm body catches your eye, but firm beliefs capture your heart.

While "no one hates war more than a soldier," as Mike frequently reminded me before he left, and I knew he didn't want to go, it would have been infinitely worse if he hadn't. He didn't become an Army officer because he wanted to slack. He wanted to serve, and to be deprived of that opportunity, by fate or circumstance, would be a gut-shot to his well-being, to his identity as a soldier. Anybody can mosey down to the Army/Navy surplus and pick up some camouflage or a dress blue to wear, but it wouldn't have the same effect as the real deal. The uniform itself is not what attracts us, it's the character of the man who wears it.

As sex appeal goes, not all uniforms are created equal. The Class B—green polyester trousers with a lighter green short-sleeve button-down—is a total dud. In colder months, the Class B can be worn with a black cardigan sweater, which only dulls it down further. Whatever, Mr. Rogers. And for me, the mess dress blue, the Army equivalent of the tuxedo, is also a nonstarter: The short jacket and high-waisted trousers make a man look like a very well-appointed waiter. Even with its finely turned braid and buttons, the mess dress blue would never move me to say, "Take me, I'm yours." I want to say, "I'll have the veal." To me, the showstopper is the classic dress blue—a dark navy jacket and blue trousers, topped with the officer's service cap, which is masculine sobriety at its finest. Then there is the breathtaking utility of camouflage, which soldiers wear to engage most intently in the act of soldiering. Nothing competes with the command of camouflage.

General Dwight D. Eisenhower asserted that "when you put on a uniform, there are certain inhibitions that you accept." From the female point of view, I'd say that a uniform makes certain inhibitions fall by the wayside. When you're married to a soldier, you have to be on the lookout for damsels who are undone by the mere sight of a man in the noble profession of arms. They're called tag chasers, barracks bunnies, or barracks whores. (There is no name for men who chase female soldiers, though I guess it's all man-skank at the end of the day. Now, is that sexism or merely verbal economy?) Women have long been vulnerable to the he-man gloss—the tag chaser of today is the direct descendant of the World War II "Victory Girl." I can't blame a gal for getting her head turned by a guy in uniform—Lord knows I've got no room to judge on that front.

What's more thrilling than seeing a man in uniform? Peeling him out of it. There's pleasure in skinning a guy out of his camouflage—those boots at the bedside and the clinkity-clink of dog tags hitting your chest. It's a sensual siren set off by the powerful, instinctive force of cavewoman logic: Real Man Alert!

Within all that military hotness, there are laws regarding the ways in which a soldier may (ahem) deploy it. Article 125 in the Uniform Code of Military Justice bans consensual sodomy—not just anal sex,

but standard-issue oral, both giving and receiving. I have it on good authority from a JAG attorney that consensual sodomy between a man and a woman is rarely prosecuted. But regardless of the laxity in its application, the rule stands. What does it say, I wonder, that in the list of prohibited acts in the UCMJ, sodomy is wedged between maiming and arson?


Of course, none of this punishable behavior was relevant to me, for my soldier was 7,500 miles away. All that time alone led me online to discuss the hushed topic of how to obtain relief. I'm certain that most military wives want to be true, even as we long for an oasis in the sensual desert. When the yearning gets too strong, the sensible option, other wives informed me, is to strike up a discreet relationship with BOB—the battery-operated boyfriend. While he's a pale substitute for a real partner, BOB has some advantages—he doesn't steal the covers or snore, and in his inanimate presence, you can feel okay about letting that bikini line go.

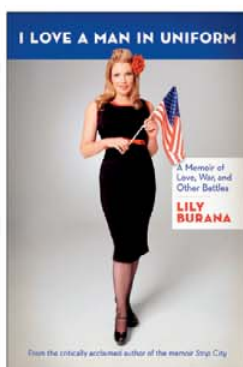
When I visited Mike during the unit training at Fort Dix, we'd burn up—last chance, fire-sale, forget about it. But it was nothing like the heat I felt for him while he was gone. My longing for my husband exploded in his absence; it was as though I had jet fuel coursing through my veins and someone had tossed a lit match into my mouth.

While I was frustrated that there was no way he could quiet that urge, I was grateful that in my overall numb state, at least that part of my emotional being was alive and burning bright—a rebellious, life-affirming flame.

Reporters seeking the human-interest angle on the war always ask the wives left behind what they miss most about their husbands, but I fear the truth is too raw to tell: loving touch. She won't say that when she receives a letter or an e-mail containing a photo of her love decked out in full battle rattle (camo, body armor, helmet, boots, weapon), she feels her stomach flip and her heart race as she's reminded why she fell in love with him in the first place.

I'm not one to advocate a retro gender politics—I want to see women as surgeons and soldiers, politicians and mothers, and more. But after two centuries of feminism, I still prefer a man to open the car door and the pickle jar. There are politics and then there are preferences, and all desire for equality aside, I'd be bereft without the masculine touch. It's that cavewoman thing, a crazy howl from the primal depths.

In the wild jungle of the female heart, it's two steps forward, one step back in this ancient mating dance—I like a strong lead, as both a standard to meet and a guiding light to follow. Parity between the sexes is one thing; respect for essential differences is quite another. The two exist, like man and woman, in ways that flatter and complement each other. I'm woman enough to boldly state my appreciation for male strength as embodied by the American soldier. For those of us who love a man in uniform, might makes Mr. Right. 



Excerpted from *I Love a Man in Uniform* by Lily Burana (May 2009), reprinted with permission from Weinstein Books.



Starring in the Show

We open our baseball preview with reigning American League MVP and newly minted videogame icon Dustin Pedroia

By John Bolster

RED SOX second baseman Dustin Pedroia has had a charmed life in baseball. Ever since he walked into the coach's office at Arizona State University and said, "You're going to win a lot more games with me than without me," Pedroia—who is listed at five foot nine in the Sox media guide, but is almost certainly a few inches shorter—has been silencing all those who would doubt him. After starring at ASU, then zipping through the minors in two years, Pedroia got off to a slow start as a major-league rookie in 2007, prompting Red Sox broadcaster Jerry Remy to question aloud whether Pedroia was ready for the majors. In an early-May game soon after, Pedroia keyed a Sox rally with a walk and a single and has never looked back. He went on to win the Rookie of the Year award that season while Boston won the World Series. In 2008, Pedroia was named

MVP of the AL after hitting .326 with 17 homers and a league-leading 118 runs scored. He heads into 2009 as an All-Star, a Gold Glover, and the cover athlete for Playstation's *MLB '09: The Show*. He also faces high expectations in Boston and an even more competitive than usual American League East division, as Boston's archrival, the New York Yankees, have reloaded with free-agent riches and the defending AL champion Tampa Bay Rays have quietly improved as well. Pedroia told *Penthouse* about staying motivated, talking trash on the field, and how a toddler handles a wayward waterfowl.

How does it feel to be on the cover of a videogame?

It's extremely exciting. It's fun doing the motion-capture, and it's an honor—especially when you consider the guys who were on there in the past.

Speaking of those guys, Ryan Howard was on the cover last year, and the Phillies went on to win the World Series. Good omen?



Absolutely. Hopefully I can talk to you next year and we'll be the world champions.

It seems like a lot of your fire as a player comes from proving your doubters wrong. But now that you've won a Rookie of the Year award and an MVP award, there can't be many doubters left. How do you keep the fire?

I just continue to try to get better. I'm definitely not satisfied with what I've done so far. I want to help the Red Sox win championships—that's my goal. Hopefully this next season we can go out and accomplish that. We know it's going to be tough, because, jeez, the AL East is going to be a *lot* tougher with the Yankees, the Rays, the Blue Jays, and the Orioles. But we're looking forward to the challenge.

What's it going to take for Boston to win the division?

We gotta stay healthy, first and foremost. Then, obviously, we have to play good ball: We gotta pitch

well, play good defense, and we have to hit. But you don't win the division in one or two games. It's the course of 162 games, and everyone has to stay healthy. That's the biggest thing.

You like to talk a little smack out on the field. Is that to help keep you focused in the game, or to throw your opponents off?

I like to have fun. I think that's what it is. If I'm out there giving a guy a hard time, it definitely keeps the game relaxed, and keeps me, you know, having fun.

Who's the best trash-talker you've faced in the league?

[Former Diamondbacks second baseman] Orlando Hudson's pretty good. I got a chance to face him last year, and he's funny.

What did he say?

He told me I was a Mini O-Dog. O-Dog is his nickname.

Is there any team out there, American League or National League, that could surprise like the Rays did last year, and the Rockies did in '07?

Yeah, there are always teams that come out of nowhere and get to the World Series. That's what makes baseball so great. I'm sure there will be a team that pops up this season and has an unbelievable year.

Care to predict which one?

I'll say the Marlins.

If you were baseball commissioner for a week, what three things would you do to improve the game?

Sheesh. I have no idea.

What about inter-league play? Critics say it breaks with tradition and creates unfair schedules.

No, I like inter-league play—it's fun. You get a chance to go to the National League ballparks and have the pitcher hit, which is always hilarious. And they come to our parks and they get the DH, so it's fun.

What pitcher on your team is the best hitter?

Josh Beckett. He's pretty good. He hit some home runs when he was in Florida.

Who's the weakest?

Jon Lester. He talks like he's good, but he stinks.

A lot of fans are interested in Manny Ramirez because he's such a great hitter, but also kind of an odd duck. What was he like in the clubhouse?

He's all right. He's just a normal guy. He likes to have fun. He plays the game ... and he's one of the best right-handed hitters of all time. So you can't take that away from Manny.

Speaking of ducks, or waterfowl, did you really KO a goose with a bat when you were a baby?

[Laughs] Yeah, I did.

Do you remember that?

No, I was too young. I think I was like two or three.

What was the story?

The goose popped up and scared me, and I had one of those little bats, so I swung and ... knocked its head off.

I guess that was a sign you had some pop in your bat.

[Laughs] For sure.



Well-rounded: Pedroia can throw, catch, hit, and pitch ... product.



1 DID THE YANKEES FINALLY BUY THEMSELVES A WORLD SERIES TITLE AFTER NINE YEARS WITHOUT ONE?

This is also known as the \$423.5 million question, as the Bronx Bombers allocated more than the 2008 gross domestic product of more than 150 nations, including Denmark, Argentina, and the United Arab Emirates, to acquire pitchers C. C. Sabathia (left, dominating for Milwaukee last season) and oft-injured A. J. Burnett, along with slugger Mark Teixeira. Sabathia is a bona fide ace (though he's struggled against Boston), and Teixeira (33 HR, 121 RBI, .410 OBP last season) will protect Alex Rodriguez and make the already-potent Yankee lineup even more so. But do they have enough team guys, and will their aging outfielders (Hideki Matsui, Johnny Damon) avoid the injury bug? Given those doubts, and the ferociously competitive AL East (see No. 2 and No. 9), we say no.

2. Will the Rays fall back to earth?

We called for the Rays to rise last year, but we never would've predicted that they would win the AL East and advance to the Fall Classic. Yet that's exactly what they did. So will they pull a Colorado Rockies (2007's upstart team) and plummet below .500 this year? We're betting no. Tampa added former Phillies slugger Pat Burrell (33 homers, 86 RBI in 2008) and former Brewers outfielder Gabe Kapler (.340 OBP, .498 slugging) to address their offensive shortcomings, and their pitching—which carried them last season—could get better with the addition of last year's late-season relief star David Price to the rotation.

3. Is *this* the Cubs' year? Ha. Ha.

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha ... [*dissolves into tears*]. Many observers thought that last year, what with it being the 100th anniversary of the Cubbies' last World Series title and the team running away with the NL Central, would be the season they finally broke through. Alas, the pressure of expectations may have been too much, as Chicago caved in the first round to Los Angeles. Maybe they'll make it happen in Year 101. Hey, they did add Milton Bradley, who hit .321 with 22 homers and 77 RBIs in 126 games for Texas last season. But he comes with a history of injuries and off-field issues ... and let's face it, they're still the Cubs.

Nine for '09

We answer a diamondful of key questions for the upcoming season.

By John Bolster

4. Speaking of depressing topics, what effect will this brutal economy have on baseball?

During the owners' meetings in Arizona this past January, Bud Selig told reporters that the economy is a top concern for the league in 2009. He happened to be standing next to an out-of-service ATM at the time, and he pointed to it, smiled, and told the AP, "Some owner needed money and took all the money out." Ha! Bud, you slay us. (Especially when we consider that MLB paid you \$18.35 million in 2007.) But Selig's remark pretty well sums up the impact this economy will have on baseball: Owners and players will be able to make glib jokes about how tough it is, while most fans—fewer and fewer of whom will be able to afford the \$250 it costs for a family of four to take in a game at Fenway—will truly feel its sting. There may be more empty seats than usual this summer, but the game will hiccup at most.

5. Where does the World Baseball Classic fit in the current state of the game?

The inaugural WBC, in 2006, was a success (featuring a surprising showing by Korea, a wild run to the title by Japan, and a showcase for future MLB star Daisuke Matsuzaka), but we're not sure it truly landed on the average fan's radar, and major-league teams are understandably nervous about releasing any players with off-season injury issues. But the WBC, taking place around the globe from March 5 to March 23, with the finals at Dodger Stadium, is crucial to baseball's well-being. It sparks global excitement and plants the seeds for the game's future. ESPN and MLB Network will televise all 39 games, and if the WBC is not yet a true world championship, hey, it beats the hell out of spring training. And U.S. fans will get to see Yu Darvish (aka Dice-K 2.0; above, left, and see page 61) in action.

6. Can the Phillies become the first team in nine years to repeat as World Series champs?

They replaced slugger Pat Burrell (see No. 2) with Raul Ibanez—a comparable but older and more expensive player—and they'll lose reliever J. C. Romero for the first 50 games due to a banned-substance suspension. Plus the NL East got tougher as the Mets addressed their enormous bullpen needs by signing J. J. Putz and Francisco Rodriguez, and the Braves picked up two solid arms in free-agent



righty Derek Lowe and Japanese All-Star Kenshin Kawakami. Finally, the Marlins, who won 84 games last year, will remain competitive with All-Stars Dan Uggla and Hanley Ramirez leading the way. Most signs point to no.

7. Did the Oakland A's close the gap on their downstate rivals this off-season?

The Southern California Angels of Los Angeles at Anaheim by El Cajon did not hold on to free-agent prizes first baseman Mark Teixeira and closer Francisco Rodriguez, and as of press time they'd made no moves to replace them. Curious, since Oakland picked up 2007 NLCS MVP Matt Holliday and former Yankee—and former A—Jason Giambi, both of whom will boost the A's anemic offense (last in the AL in slugging in 2008). These gains, combined with the Angels' losses, will close the gap, but it was a wide gap indeed. Look for Anaheim's formidable pitching to propel it to another AL West crown.

8. Hello, Cleveland?

While the other teams in the division pretty much stood pat, Cleveland picked up the oft-injured but supremely talented Kerry Wood to be

their closer, veteran third baseman Mark DeRosa (87 RBIs for the Cubs last year), and rolled the dice on former Yankee Carl Pavano, who's also battled injuries for much of his career. Most important, though, DH Travis Hafner and catcher Victor Martinez—the complementary players to Cleveland's superstar centerfielder Grady Sizemore—are quietly regaining their health. If these guys can stay healthy, then, yes, say hello to Cleveland, your 2009 AL Central champs.

9. Who will win it all?

Enigmatic superstar free-agent Manny Ramirez (above, right), former Yankees right fielder Bobby Abreu, and ex-Arizona left-fielder Adam Dunn had all yet to sign with a team when we went to press, but unless Ramirez lands with the Yankees, our answer here is ... the Boston Red Sox. They'll be healthy again and they improved their pitching, but more than those factors it's the pressure on their AL East rivals: The Yankees have to deliver a \$423.5 million title, and the young Rays have to prove that last year was no fluke. The Sawx will ride under the radar, all the way to their third title in six years.

Trouble in Tokyo?

They play their own brand of baseball in Japan—full of raucous customs, quality players, and sometimes curious tactics—but as our reporter found out on a recent visit, the game may be facing real difficulty.

By Jonah Keri

■ TOKYO DOME

It could be the four glasses of Yebisu beer talking. Could be the band of trumpets blaring behind us. Or maybe it's the mob effect, sweeping me up as the manic energy peaks here in the visitors' section, hard by the left-field foul pole.

Whatever the cause, I have definitely taken leave of my senses. My adopted team, the Yakult Swallows of Japan's Central League, has just taken a 1-0 lead on the Evil Empire of the league, the Yomiuri Giants—in Yomiuri's home ballpark, the Tokyo Dome, no less. As the leadoff hitter Kazuki Fukuchi crosses home plate, everyone around me reaches under the seats and pulls out fluorescent-green umbrellas.

Naturally I follow suit, carefully opening what I can only assume is some kind of twisted rally parasol.

Then: a collective inhalation of breath. It's time to sing.

*Kutabare Yomiuri,
Kutabare Yomiuri,
Kutabare Yomiuri,
Kutabare Yomirui,
Ha-a, odori-o dorinara,
Choito Tokyo O-ondo, yoi! yoi!
Hana no miyako-o no.
Hana no miyako no ma nakade,*

So re!

Ya to na so re yoi! yoi! yoi!

Ya to na so re yoi! yoi! yoi!

My buddy James, a former New Yorker who's lived in Japan for the past ten years, tells me it's a traditional Japanese song called "Tokyo Ondo." The longer, second portion of lyrics is tough to translate, he says, but the first part is easy: *Kutabare Yomiuri* means "Screw you, Yomiuri."

I've learned my first Japanese curse word, and I'm belting it out at the top of my lungs—slightly sloshed, hoarse, high on Tokyo Dome adrenaline, and struggling to remain upright while holding a ridiculous green umbrella.

It's the top of the first inning.



Plant yourself in the hard-core-supporters section of any Japanese league ballpark and you'll get swept up in a whirlwind of cheering, singing, dancing, and drinking.

■ PARALLEL HISTORIES

Japanese baseball differs from the stateside version in many respects, but there are at least two significant similarities between the two. One is roots in the nineteenth century—baseball was introduced to Japan in the 1870s; MLB started in 1869—and the other is a singularly dominant team. Major League Baseball has the New York Yankees, while Japanese *yakyu* (literally, “field ball”) has the Yomiuri Giants. The Giants are owned by the Yomiuri Group media conglomerate—they have the most money, the most media exposure, the biggest fan base, and the most championships. They were founded in 1934 and promptly ripped off nine Japanese

Baseball League pennants before 1950. That year, the two-league system was established, splitting teams into the Central and Pacific circuits (of the newly renamed Nippon Professional Baseball League). Interest in the sport boomed after World War II, generating a new crop of *yakyu* stars. Chief among these was world-wide home-run king, Sadaharu Oh, he of the high-stepping batting style and the 868 career dingers (more than any Major League Baseball player).

With Oh hitting cleanup, the Giants won nine straight Japan Series titles from 1965 through 1973.

■ OEN-DAN TO THE DELOREAN

Baseball stadiums in the United States are filled with passionate fans, but they generally take a more relaxed, Saturday-in-the-park approach than their Japanese counterparts. Plant yourself in the hard-core-supporters section of any Japanese league ballpark for a game and you'll get swept up in a whirlwind of cheering, singing, dancing, and, yes, drinking.

That party atmosphere, combined with a chance to explore a new country and different customs, has spurred demand for baseball-

2009 baseball preview

centered trips to Japan. Bob Bavasi, a longtime minor-league-baseball front-office man, organizes such trips every year. His eight-day tours take travelers to major sights around the country, including Mount Fuji and Hiroshima, but the guests invariably return home most amazed by their ballpark experiences. "The first thing you'll notice is the *constant* noise," Bavasi told me. "Everyone's holding noisemakers, and you cheer for your team the whole time they're up at bat. It's a cacophony of noise. Your senses just get assaulted."

Even after hearing Bavasi's description, I was blown away by the scene at the Tokyo Dome, also known as the Big Egg. A swarm of astoundingly attractive beer girls buzzes through every section, clothed in uniforms representing each of the beers being offered and lugging porto-kegs on their backs that appear to outweigh them (in the early innings anyway). All that beer serves as rocket fuel for the crowd, the most vocal portions of which are called the *Oen-Dan* (literally translated as "support group"). Their cheering is an eclectic blend of traditional Japanese exhortations and Western flair. When Yakult tries a hit-and-run play, the *Oen-Dan* yell "Go-Go-Go!" When a batter comes up with a runner in scoring position, the *Oen-Dan*'s rhythmic chant for a clutch hit is "Timely, timely!"

But the oddest tradition to my ears was the song the Yakult Swallows' *Oen-Dan* sing for the team's best player, Norichika Aoki. I was unable to get a translation, but the entire song was sung to the theme music of the movie *Back to the Future*.

One other key difference between U.S. fans and *yakyu* mavens: Japanese spectators will cheer their team just as loudly if it's down nine runs as they will when it's tied in the bottom of the ninth. The ballpark is a place to throw off the constraints of a relatively rigid, pro-conformity society. "It becomes acceptable to scream and yell in a way you're not supposed to anywhere else," James explains. "This is where Japanese people let it all go, where they let go of all their stress."

■ TOP HEAVY

If you think Major League Baseball has a competitive-balance problem, take a look at the standings and the history of the Japanese circuits. There are only 12 teams in Japan, and I would group them roughly like this:

Yomiuri Giants

[medium-size gap]

Hanshin Tigers

[Grand Canyon-size chasm]

Ten other teams

Since the parent company, Yomiuri, controls many major media outlets and Japanese league broadcast rights, the Giants own the biggest fan base, by far. The Tigers don't have the same reach. But thanks to their on-field success, they've evolved into a Red Sox-like presence in Japan.

The other ten teams own only a fraction of the revenue and fan interest. Japanese league owners see teams as marketing vehicles for their products, not viable business entities in their own right. The result is widespread losses across the league. Indeed, rather than share revenue, the teams' only major source of cooperation is to pay into a central pot that makes up for the losses annually accrued by league members. "The owners here are kind of clueless, stuck in their own worlds," says Marty Kuehnert, the first foreign-born person ever to be the GM of a Japanese team (the Tokyo Rakuten Golden Eagles). "As long as each ball club operates as a separate fiefdom, it's a given that teams will continue to lose money."

Staring down from the top of the heap, the Yomiuri Giants have no interest in changing the status quo. They may have to change their ways, though, and soon. Years ago, the Giants used to sell out all their home games. Now, empty seats dot every section of the Tokyo Dome, even on weekends. Where once a Giants road visit meant a sellout for that night's opponent, such road attendance almost never happens anymore. The Giants used to sell the broadcast rights to their regular-season home games for about \$1.5 million a game; now they get less than half that.

"The Giants should be the ones doing something to fix the system, but they reject the idea," says Kuehnert, who moved to Japan in the late 1960s. Teams are crumbling financially, he says, and the global recession isn't





helping. "People ask me, 'Do you see things getting better?' No, I don't. 'Do you think things will change?' I honestly don't know."

■ BETTER THAN TRIPLE-A?

The business-side failings of the Japanese league teams are a crying shame, given the quality of play you'll find at a typical game. Research by such analysts as *Baseball Prospectus's* Clay Davenport suggests that Japanese league baseball rates somewhere between Triple-A and the major leagues—and probably closer to the latter than the former.

In the past decade, a raft of Japanese league players has migrated to North America and thrived on major league teams. Hideo Nomo won the Rookie of the Year award with the Los Angeles Dodgers, then went on to pitch 13 seasons, twice leading the league in strikeouts and hurling two no-hitters. Ichiro Suzuki won the Rookie of the Year and MVP awards in his first season with the Seattle Mariners, holds the all-time single-season hits record in the major leagues, and could make the Hall of Fame. Other stars, such as

Hideki Matsui, Akinori Iwamura, and Daisuke Matsuzaka, have parlayed starring roles in the Japanese leagues into success here.

Twenty-two-year-old Yu Darvish is Japan's brightest star at the moment. He's already considered one of the best players on the planet, having dominated from an early age while pitching for the Hokkaido Nippon Ham Fighters. (Like many North Americans, I once thought the team hailed from Nippon and had the outrageously awesome nickname "Ham Fighters." Alas, Nippon Ham is the team's sponsor, and "Fighters" is the team's nickname.)


■ STYLE POINTS

For all of the quality players Japan has produced, and despite the home-run legacy of Sadaharu Oh, the style of play hews, frustratingly, to small-ball. Managers routinely use one-run-at-a-time strategies that would make statistically inclined fans, and most

major-league managers, cringe. Bunting in the first inning is a common occurrence, even when a power hitter is at the plate. Many players' swings resemble Ichiro's, with the batter bailing out of the box while slapping at the ball, a strategy that gives the hitter a head start toward first base while almost completely negating his chance to hit a home run.

"It's a Punch and Judy game," said Bavasi, chuckling. "It's small-ball to the smallest extent possible."

We saw our share of small-ball at the Tokyo Dome, including a sacrifice bunt by the second hitter of the game. The Giants pulled an even more incomprehensible move, moving the infield in during the first inning, a tactic usually reserved for tie games in the late innings, not down 3-0 before fans have had a chance to sit down.

The Giants won the game 11-7, another setback in another lost season for my new adopted team, the Swallows. Still, we ate and drank, hoisted green umbrellas, paid homage to Marty McFly, and swore in Japanese. Not bad for a Friday night, and 5,000 yen. 



Our favorite sexy spies
(clockwise from right): *Die
Another Day*'s Miranda
Frost, *Get Smart*'s Agent 99,
Aeon Flux, *Alias*'s Sydney
Bristow, *Chuck*'s Sarah Walker,
Indy's Dr. Elsa Schneider

Sex and the Spy

Now that you can bring home the latest Bond girl, Olga Kurylenko, in *Quantum of Solace*, we took a look at our fave fictional femmes fatales.



Seduction's all fun and games until military secrets leak out. The Bond girl may be the classic example of a female spy seducing a man in order to obtain state secrets during pillow talk, but those lovely ladies are not alone. They're not even confined to spy movies. But we'll start with the classic.

Die Another Day

James Bond gets to flirt with, fondle, and fuck beautiful women in, well, every Bond flick, and it sometimes gets him into trouble. Perhaps never more so than when Pierce Brosnan's 007 teams up with Miranda Frost (Rosamund Pike) in and out of bed. Too bad she's a double agent.

Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade

Fine, Indy (Harrison Ford) settled down in his most recent installment.



Track Her EVERY (Hormonal) MOVE

PMSBuddy is a win-win website that you can use to avoid the drama and get laid more often.

Every month, there are a few days when you damn well better put down the toilet seat. To help avoid landing in the doghouse, log on to PMSBuddy and plug in some info about your girlfriend to get e-mails tipping you off about when you should stay out of her way as much as possible.

You can also use those same hormonal guidelines to find out when your partner's libido is peaking. Her sex drive is most revved up right before she ovulates, which, depending on her cycle, is approximately 13 or so days after Aunt Flo's arrival. Just be extra careful, because this is really Mother Nature's joke: That's also the time when she's most likely to get pregnant.

The other time of the month when her libido is on the upswing is two days after the PMSBuddy warning about moodiness arrives. Get in her good graces during the next five days and take advantage of the primal urges she throws your way!



He was always a one-woman-per-flick guy anyway. But the discovery that the gorgeous blonde Nazi he fell for, Dr. Elsa Schneider (Alison Doody), also seduced his father (former Bond Sean Connery) brings a nice touch of levity to a somewhat tense moment.

Get Smart

In the film adaptation of the classic TV spy spoof, Anne Hathaway steps into the role of Agent 99, a gorgeous brunette partnered with the bumbling Maxwell Smart (Steve Carell). At a party at the home of one of their enemies, she abandons Smart to spend time with the host to gain access to his mansion.

Aeon Flux

Over the course of this animated show's three-season run, Aeon Flux, in her fetishy outfit, seduces

her nemesis, Trevor Goodchild, on more than one occasion. We can only imagine she hopes to obtain secrets that will give her an advantage.

Alias

Throughout five seasons on this serial spy thriller, Sydney Bristow (Jennifer Garner) donned a number of sexy outfits—despite going undercover with her boyfriend, her father, and sometimes both—and cock-teased men to get info, key cards, and computer access.

Chuck

We don't see a lot of sex scenes here, but Chuck is occasionally hit on by some Bond-quality ladies. We're not sure how the dude keeps it in his pants. And his CIA handler/fake girlfriend, Sarah Walker (Yvonne Strahovski), provides some very nice eye candy on a regular basis.

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she rubs us the right way

The gorgeous Veronica Ricci will have a business degree when she finishes college in two years, but her current gig as a massage therapist interests us much more. We'd be more than happy to submit to her ministrations anytime, anywhere.

Photographs by Emma Nixon





"I enjoy what I do because I like to help people, but I *loved* this modeling thing. How could I not love getting paid for getting naked?"





"I love having sex when there's a chance someone will see me. I've made love in the ocean in Hawaii, in my convertible with the top down, in a park, at the airport, in a dressing room.... You get the idea."





“My most outrageous sexual experience was when my roommate and I had sex with our boyfriends in the same room. We didn’t swap partners or anything, but we all watched one another, and my roommate and I took photos of each other getting screwed.”





"My favorite fantasies are about power plays. I imagine myself as a Russian mail-order bride fulfilling my wifely duties, or as a secretary giving it up to my boss."

Veronica Ricci
Pet of the Month
April 2009

Vital stats:

20 years old
32D-24-35; 5'8"

Hometown:

Sacramento, California.

Favorite vacation spot:

Tokyo. I love how alive the city is. There's so much to see and do that even with my ADD, I'd never get bored.

Favorite TV shows:

Mythbusters, Family Guy, Conan O'Brien, The Colbert Report.

Favorite movies:

Fight Club, Orgasmo, The Dark Knight.

Hottest movie sex scene:

Wild Things. I love girl-girl scenes.

Favorite foods:

Sushi, s'mores.

Favorite drink:

Gin and tonic.

Favorite workout:

Sexercise or pole-dancing.

Favorite thing about yourself:

My pioneering spirit. I always want to have new experiences.

Worst job:

Posing in a bikini in the dead of winter at lowrider car shows.

Your ideal date:

Something thrilling, like going skydiving or taking flying lessons.

Veronica Ricci

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✦ VERONICA RICCI
APRIL 2009 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Inside the

COCAINE Jungle

*For decades, Colombian guerrillas have orchestrated massive shipments of coke to the United States—as much as \$60 million worth a week. **Jonathan Franklin** navigates the Amazon's most treacherous regions with a commando police unit that infiltrates shrouded coca labs. Incredibly, he discovers, their strategy might just be working.*

Photographs by Morten Andersen

Captain Scott Bradford snaps on his combat helmet, grabs his automatic rifle, and jumps from the Black Hawk helicopter into the high grass. The wind whips the jungle canopy and vegetation into a whirl of leaves, branches, and chaos. Snipers lurk in the hills, land mines abound, and above us, armed with 3,000-bullet-a-minute mini guns, is a pair of Huey helicopters. Once the workhorses of Vietnam, these Hueys were recycled to the front lines of America's new secret war in Colombia.

"Stay on the path," yells Captain Bradford above the metallic clack of rotor blades. "We swept for mines but—" The rest of his answer is wiped away by the noise, yet the message is clear. *Don't go first. Don't wander. Listen up!*

"You know what they call these mines? Leg snatchers. If you don't bleed to death, you'll wish you did," says Bradford, a muscular former Marine who spent 26 years as a member of the United States Marine Corps Forces Special Operations

Command, and a veteran of the Iraq wars and the takedown of Saddam Hussein.

Bradford and two platoons of Colombian commandos have information that a secret cocaine factory is hidden nearby, in Caqueta province, a remote, paradisiacal corner of the Colombian Amazon. "They say this lab can [produce] three tons a week ... and you get out the log book and you see Monday 300 kilos, 280 kilos on Tuesday ... and you say, 'shit.'" Bradford explains this as he waits for the Colombians to debrief an informer who is leading us to the lab. At a conservative wholesale price of \$10,000 a pound, the revenue from this single lab is \$60 million a week. It's a lot of cocaine to take out of circulation, and this can only happen if this joint commando force, Junglas, can reach the lab.

There isn't much talking here in the jungle. Faces are deadly serious and helmets are cinched tight. Neck veins pulse. I watch as the sniper tightens the

Editor's note: Several names and geographical locations have been altered to protect the lives of sources who were interviewed for this article. No substantial part of their story or history has been changed.



After the Black Hawk 'copter drops him off, a Junglas commando secures the area from incursions from drug traffickers or rebels.

telescopic sight on his rifle while the medic chews on the strap to his earplugs. Each man has a label with his blood type sewn into his uniform.

Despite overwhelming firepower and intelligence advantages, ambushes are frequent, says Bradford as he points out the Huey and Black Hawks providing cover just above the forest canopy. Bradford stops talking and watches the helicopters hover over the jungle. "It was roughly at that height that the Colombian Army lost 19 men when a sister Black Hawk was blown from the sky by drug traffickers."

The floors of the Black Hawks are now thickly armored, covered in huge Kevlar plates, making them bulletproof from ground fire. "It takes up so much weight that you have to fly with two fewer people, but when you hear that *Thump! Thump! Thump!* [of bullets hitting the bottom of the chopper] you are really glad," Bradford says. "That thing looks solid. But after they went down, all the wreckage could have fit in the back of an SUV."

Sergeant Cristobal Borman, a veteran of these missions, describes a more recent attack: "They had a sniper on the hilltop, about 800 meters away.... When the chopper was at the same height as the hilltop, he fired inside. *Mi Commandante* was hit here." Borman holds his finger to the side of his neck. "He died instantly."

Detectives in London or Los Angeles might celebrate a five-pound cocaine seizure, but for Junglas, anything less than 1,000 pounds is a minor bust. Last year Junglas destroyed 62 labs and confiscated 165,000 pounds of powder. They are financed jointly by the United States and Colombian governments. The U.S. largely covers the air fleet of helicopters and planes, plus fuel and maintenance. With "Plan Colombia," as it is known, advancing, it is becoming an even more local operation. The American ambassador to Colombia has warned local authorities to prepare to shoulder more of the cost of the effort. The total price tag for supporting Junglas' war is about \$2 million a month.

Cocaine production in this corner of Colombia is organized by the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC), a guerrilla army that, with the fall of the Soviet Union, mutated from preaching Marxist ideology to marketing multimillion-dollar drug shipments. "The labs often have a stockpile, thousands of pounds of chemicals used to turn the coca leaf into refined cocaine," explains Bradford. "When you take out a lab, you are denying not only cocaine production but money for the FARC."

This is something Bradford's boys are doing with greater frequency. Two years ago, Junglas eliminated about 460 labs. By November of 2008, they had dismantled some 1,000 operations of varying sizes. Cocaine seizures have soared from 30,000 kilos in 2007 to an estimated 75,000 last year.

Profits from the FARC cocaine business have plummeted, thanks to the Colombian government's offensive, and units like Junglas. (There are three units consisting of about 500 police and support staff.) Most of the labs are unearthed by paid informants, so as the FARC ranks thin due to thousands of deserters, the number of ex-guerrillas



Clockwise from bottom left: Bags of cocaine; coca plants; gasoline-soaked coca leaves turning to paste; cutting a one-kilo coke package; liquid cocaine; microwaves used to dry liquid coke; each 30-kilo sack has a street value of \$3 million

Detectives in L.A. might celebrate a five-pound coke seizure, but for Junglas, anything less than 1,000 pounds is a minor bust.

ratting out their former employers has swelled.

Three years ago FARC cocaine revenue was estimated to be between \$200 million (Pentagon figure) and \$600 million (State Department figure) annually, cash that was used to finance attacks on police stations, kidnap middle-class Colombians, and purchase weapons for the shadow army's 18,000 troops. Today the FARC's cocaine ops are being torn apart. A strategy of killing or capturing the group's leaders has been organized by the Colombian government and carried out by the Colombian Army and National Police units, including Junglas, in numerous spectacular raids.

In just the past year, two members of the guerrillas high command have been trapped and killed, thousands more have deserted, and entire wings of the guerrilla army (known in Spanish as *Frentes*) have evaporated.

The hard line taken by current Colombian President Alvaro Uribe has earned him many enemies abroad. Yet, inside his own battle-weary nation, Colombians recognize, often reluctantly,



the need for the military offensive. If they don't love him, he is certainly respected, with approval ratings around 70 percent. Uribe has made history as the first Colombian president to take on the FARC guerrillas, who, for 40 years, have besieged Colombia with kidnappings, massacres, and random acts of terrorism. Even the most evangelical drug warriors admit that eliminating cocaine is impossible. Today's fight is about saving Colombia, taking cocaine away from organized armed groups like the FARC or AUC, conservative landowners calling themselves the *Autodefensas Unidas de Colombia* (they're essentially right-wing death squads). And in that battle, swaths of evidence point to a successful route. Today the Colombian economy is solid, with growth in 2008 at almost 4 percent, while the murder rate has been falling at roughly 11 percent a year.

One immediate indication of these relative good times is that tourism is booming—*National Geographic Adventure* named Colombia the top mountain destination in 2008. Daring young American executives are signing up in droves on such sites as *ToursGoneWild.com*, a hip travel agency that takes visitors to Cartagena. The weeklong tours include VIP access to all-night discos, special seating for the Miss Colombia pageant, and day trips to pristine Caribbean beaches. Colombia's national tourism board has used the trend in its favor, adopting the seductive slogan, "Colombia: The only risk is wanting to stay."

Despite the widespread success against the guerrilla coke ops, Junglas still operates, understandably, with extreme caution. In rural areas, they only work until 2 P.M.—no one, not even these elite fighters, wants to spend the night on the guerrillas' home turf. This is why, at 10:30 A.M. one day recently, we are already well into our march toward the cocaine labs. A masked informant guides us—or tries to, anyway.

"Many of these informants are *campesinos*, they know the land, but when you put them up in a helicopter, they get totally lost," one commando explains to me as we walk in circles.

That informant, a lanky *campesino*, now stands beside me. He is 30 years old, his face covered by a black balaclava and his steps shadowed by a bodyguard who protects him. Finally he finds his bearings, and he walks us down a dirt path, leading two dozen commandos to the mother lode.

The lab is camouflaged, under a large roof, on a ridge. As we approach, people can be seen fleeing. "Stop moving!" Private Lopez yells out. A teenage boy ignores the warning. *Braaaaaaaaap!* *Braaaaaaaaap!* Private Lopez fires 40 warning shots, rounds from a M249 Squad Automatic Weapon. The boy stops and everyone tenses.

The patrol surrounds the base lab, setting up a security perimeter of snipers, scouts, and combat infantrymen. Built like a rural barn, the structure is two stories, with sleeping quarters above and cocaine production below. The kid, who looks barely 18, is dressed like a farmer's son; his face is filled with awe and concern as the soldiers approach.

They don't even arrest him. He is not the target. "This is the hardest part of the job," says one Junglas soldier. "You burn down their labs and you know they really don't have any other choice. Are you going to live off growing plantains?"

The real target is under the roof. There are rows of ovens for cooking cocaine, and scales and workers' clothes are scattered about, as if abandoned in a hurry. A generator nearby still rumbles. A half-eaten banana on the table is proof that the other workers have recently fled. The commandos take inventory of the lab—600 kilos of pure cocaine. Hauling the evidence out of the jungle would take a month and an army of mules. Junglas has neither mules nor patience, so they choose a more direct solution—C-4 explosives. First they soak the entire structure in gasoline—the thatched roof, the cement floor, the scales for weighing coke, and the logos to mark each kilo with its own brand name.

As the fuse is about to be lit, a small, perky young woman emerges from the jungle, strides straight toward a commando, and starts pleading. Amazingly, she looks unafraid, and she asks for a favor: Could she remove the workers' clothes from the lab? The commandos give her five minutes to clean out personal gear, including sleeping bags, work shirts, and razors. The men briefly consider torching the adjacent house, which obviously has no other function than to shelter and feed the lab workers, but this is not Vietnam, so they chat with the woman and berate her for working with coke producers, arguing that she needs legitimate work. "But I support Uribe; I am an Uribista!" she says, referring to Colombia's president.

Commando Reyes pulls a gray block of C-4 plastic explosives from his rucksack, slices off a chunk the size of a deck of cards, and places it atop a barrel of gasoline. With a detonation cord marked off in one-minute segments, Reyes creates a four-minute fuse. Other commandos move quickly, dumping barrels of chemicals across the wooden floor. "Get lost, move it!" Commando Reyes of the 2nd Junglas platoon yells to his men, who are exhausted and resting on the benches. The men don't budge.

"Out of here!" he repeats and the men sluggishly push their way back into the jungle. The thick foliage makes for slow going, and we are barely 50 yards away when the detonation shakes the ground. The inferno makes a loud whooshing sound, like a dry hurricane, as the air is sucked away. Then 50-foot-high orange flames consume the building, black smoke rises above the tree line—a well-known signal to *campesinos* and drug lords: Junglas is in the neighborhood.

In many ways, Junglas epitomizes the battlefield expertise that the U.S. government is pouring into Colombia to augment the thousands of troops already attacking various armed insurgent groups. "If I were kidnapped in Colombia, these are the guys I want to come rescue me," an American embassy official confides. "Junglas are the guys you want to kick down the doors."

Bradford describes the Junglas efforts as "mission impossible"—you take out one lab, two more sprout up. But in Colombia, he explains, the anti-narcotic fight is also an effort to decapitate the highly organized criminal gangs.

But can it work? Will Colombia ever really free itself from the mayhem associated with the international cocaine trade? After spending a week there, speaking with everyone from judges to prisoners, the answer, surprisingly, seems to be yes. Junglas is the fine point of a very long spear jointly held by the Pentagon and, increasingly, the Colombian government.

Critics of the U.S. effort point out that in addition to the massive human-rights violations they identify within the country's borders, pure Colombian cocaine is still readily available worldwide. No matter how many tons are confiscated, enough is always exported to feed the world's appetite.

But Colombia is now a far more peaceful place than it has been in many years. Entire regions,



Clockwise from left: Junglas pours chemicals to ignite the flames; arresting a lab worker; coke lab explodes in flames; Junglas near base lab; on patrol; Black Hawk landing; one more lab destroyed



such as Putumayo, which for years were under the yoke of guerrillas, are now controlled by local authorities. A government presence in rural towns keeps guerrillas on the defensive. And public opinion of FARC has deteriorated, largely because of gruesome events, such as the kidnapping and torturing of former presidential candidate Ingrid Betancourt.

The inroads have not been made without significant setbacks and tragedies. Recent discoveries of mass graves revealed that highly vetted and trained army units murdered college students, dressed them up as guerrillas, and staged press conferences to showcase their triumph over FARC.

Does that kind of subterfuge make the government's anti-guerrilla strategy a failure? Not in the eyes of many local authorities. "The



The 50-foot-high orange inferno makes a loud whooshing sound as the air is sucked away. Junglas is in the neighborhood.

Uribe administration has brought violence down significantly," says Perry Holloway, an anti-drug official at the American embassy in Bogotá. "Murders are down by 10,000 a year, and the guerrillas don't hold a single town."

Guillermo Galdos, the legendary Peruvian journalist, adds, "You couldn't travel from one city to another, the highways were so dangerous. Colombians felt kidnapped in their own country. Now, those days are over."

Five years ago, the FARC attacked as 150-strong groups of uniformed and heavily armed assassins. Today the guerrillas are likely to work in groups of two or three, occasionally lobbing grenades and sniper shots, or planting land mines across the Colombian countryside. Junglas has played a key role in ending the FARC's ruthless reign.

"This reminds me of the end of the conflict in El Salvador," says Captain Bradford, who sees the shoddy booby traps and handmade mines as yet another sign that the Marxist guerrilla traffickers are headed for the history books. "The other day, I was listening to a briefing at the U.S. embassy, and I thought, *Maybe it is over here.*"

Coke Chronicles

Pure cocaine was first used in the 1880s as a local anesthetic for eye, nose, and throat surgeries because of its ability to provide numbing and constrict blood vessels to limit bleeding. The drug soon became a stimulant used in many tonics and elixirs developed to treat a wide variety of illnesses.

"I take very small doses of it regularly and against depression and against indigestion, and with the most brilliant success," noted Dr. Sigmund Freud in 1884. "In my last serious depression I took cocaine again, and a small dose lifted me to the heights in a wonderful fashion," he wrote. "I am just now collecting the literature for a song of praise to this magical substance." The title of the resultant song: "Über Cocaine."

Coke's use and distribution flourished in the early nineteenth century as the "white gold" was transformed into liquids, powders, soaps—even mouthwash. Heralded by European doctors as a wonder drug that cured fatigue, toothaches, headaches, and a variety of other ailments, cocaine found its way into medicine cabinets everywhere. And it had become an ingredient in everyday items in the United States, too, gaining purchase in such concoctions as hay-fever elixirs and nerve tonics. These patented tonics could be bought without prescription for the relief of many common ailments, including, of course, chronic fatigue. Even the Coca-Cola soft drink infamously contained cocaine until 1903, when the ingredient was replaced with caffeine. By some estimates, the American public was consuming as much cocaine in 1906 as it would in 1976, and with only a fraction of the population.

Then coke took a break—a historical disco nap—and from the twenties to the seventies, coke was consumed predominantly by artists and outsiders. But during the drug experimentation of the late seventies, coke roared back to the partying front lines.

During the clubbing eighties, coke was it! At least until it spawned a mutant cousin—the intensely addictive crack cocaine decimated great swaths of the population in American cities. Despite the heightened crackdown of the past two decades as part of the war on drugs, cocaine continues to be nearly as widely available as Coca-Cola itself.

But for how long? With rising Colombian dedication to battling producers, the cocaine industry is poised to migrate to Bolivia. "Not surprising," said a source at the United States embassy in Bogotá, "when the president [Evo Morales] himself is a coca grower."



ginger snaps

It's said that blondes have more fun, and Anita and Bianca are dressed to impress and ready to prove the point once and for all. They're saucy, spicy, and sensual, but none of that can even begin to compare to their overheated sexual appetites.

Photographs by Viv Thomas





During a lazy Sunday when their boyfriends are otherwise engaged, Anita and Bianca rendezvous for a little post-brunch dessert to satisfy their sweet teeth ... and a frolic between the sheets to slake their sapphic desires.





The fair maidens
tangle their long legs
together, and, like
sweet cinnamon dusted
over fresh cream,
create an intoxicating
blend of delicate
black lace and dewy
pale skin.






The golden goddesses know exactly how to please each other, twisting their tongues into a fury of passion and lapping up each other's sweet juices.





A woman with blonde hair is lying on her back on a plaid blanket. She is holding her feet with both hands, pulling them towards her face. She is wearing dark lace underwear. The background shows a light-colored leather sofa with white pillows and a wooden nightstand.

As Anita's and Bianca's
moans of exquisite
pleasure escalate, their
passionate cries
layer over one another
like a fine tiramisu.
When it's served up
like this, there's always
room for dessert.

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BIG W RACI



HELL



Isn't Child's Play

By Liane Yvkoff • Photographs by Jim M. Goldstein

Forget hunting for eggs, attending church, or enjoying a leisurely brunch with family. Thirty-five-year-old Jon Brumit has come up with his own way of celebrating Easter: orchestrating a race on Big Wheels down one of San Francisco's most winding streets for hundreds of like-minded, grown-up heathens.

"It's the shortest, most ridiculous annual parade," says Brumit, a sound artist in Chicago, of the Bring Your Own Big Wheel (BYOBW) Race, held every year on Easter Sunday. Brumit and more than 1,000 people will gather at the top of Vermont Street in an out-of-the-way neighborhood with views overlooking the city to participate in or watch this homegrown sport.

Brumit, a product of the Bible Belt, isn't religious, but he says he's not an atheist either. That the event is held on Easter Sunday is mostly for scheduling convenience—it's pretty easy to research on which day Easter falls each year. But he also describes the event as a What Would Jesus Do thing. "He'd probably ride down Lombard Street with a bunch of kooks," says Brumit.

In 2007, discord with the Lombard Street Neighborhood Association forced Brumit to move the race from that famous twisty street. But the concept remained the same: Bring a Big Wheel and try to get to the bottom of the zigzagging hill as fast as possible. Easier said than done.

"The whole race is sort of an exercise in futility," Brumit says. The classic 16-inch Big Wheel is recommended for three- to eight-year-olds and designed to support up to 70 pounds. Many bikes fall apart mid-race, creating an obstacle course of plastic handlebars, wheels, and seats.

"It looks like someone opened a floodgate and there was just this rush of plastic and humanity," describes veteran racer Matt Armbruster, who declined to state his age. Armbruster dons a gold lamé jumpsuit and competes as Captain Obvious in his modified 1981 G.I. Joe Big Wheel. (Though not required, this is the kind of San Francisco event where people naturally arrive in a variety of costumes, including bunny rabbits, giant apes, cowboys, and homegrown superheroes.)

■ ORGANIZED CHAOS

A sign advising trucks to take an alternate route marks the starting line. The track features six tight turns down a narrow, one-way residential street with the outside curbs flanked by high cement barriers. While there is no posted speed limit, cars can safely travel about ten miles an hour down the road. Big Wheels travel almost twice as fast, Brumit estimates, and the course takes about a minute to run. Steering is best done with your feet.

There's no registration—he doesn't get a permit—and there's only one rule, listed in all caps on Brumit's website, JonBrumit.com: No rubber wheels. "They have an unfair advantage," he explains, saying that part of the race's appeal is not being in control.

But since it's hard to be a proponent of organized chaos *and* be a stickler about rules, people on rubber-wheeled trikes aren't turned away.

"Allowed" is a word that we use, but it's not like we enforce anything," says 33-year-old bartender J-rad Hirsch, who has helped organize the event in recent years.

Rubber may provide better traction on the steep San Francisco street, but 31-year-old Nathan Kendall, a five-time BYOBW champion, is proof you don't need control to win. In fact, he lines the wheels of his ride with duct tape to make the Big Wheel slide better. Kendall's strategy: Don't slow down. "The only way I slow down is by running into walls or hitting something," he explains.

Armbruster isn't a believer of the duct-tape strategy; he says the tape wears down after the first couple of turns. "If you're a real purist you don't want to use duct tape," says Armbruster. Strong words coming from a man who spent about \$400 to chop and stretch his Big Wheel and add a bucket seat, twin axle, and coil-spring suspension.

While some modern bikes, such as the Green Machine, have hand brakes, classic Big Wheels have only a friction brake affixed to the right rear tire. But throwing the e-brake will wear a hole in the plastic wheel. The only other ways to slow down are to cease pedaling or to drag your feet. A less desirable, but equally effective, way to stop is to crash.

"It's not so much about winning as it is about sharing and surviving," says Brumit of the tangled mess of bodies and bike parts racers often find themselves in. Being willing to run the risk of totally eating shit is what has helped Brumit become a veteran champion.

But Hirsch says it's a far cry from a blood sport and looks more dangerous than it is. "You're not going fast enough to hurt yourself," he says. Not seriously, at least. Common injuries range from scraped hands to twisted ankles. Brumit's website proudly displays one participant's medical report of a right inguinal hernia repair.





Though not required, this is the kind of San Francisco event where people naturally arrive in a variety of costumes, including giant apes and homegrown superheroes.



One year, a drunken, anti-capitalist Santa Claus ran into Brumit's wife, and Armbruster lists "mystery wounds" that he discovers in the shower the next morning. But the worst Kendall has suffered is scrapes on his hands. "I usually hit the wall straight on, so I never really got hurt," he explains. During one race, Kendall fell off his bike after hitting a wall, but another racer crashed into him and pushed him across the finish line to give him the win.

Brumit makes or finds all of the prizes, giving a dozen or so each year for first place, last place, worst injured, and most effort. Kendall's trophies have included a plaque, plastic flowers, a snow hat with BYOBW embroidered on it, a bright green T-shirt with Brumit's signature skid marks ironed on, and his favorite: iron-on skid-mark underpants.

"They're kind of a lucky pair. You wear them on the big days," Kendall says.

■ IT'S NOT ABOUT THE BIKE

The spectacle of hundreds of grown-ups on tot-size plastic trikes, crashing into walls, and breaking bikes—all for bragging rights and a few prizes—is what has turned this underground race into a cult sporting event. One video of the 2006 race received more than 400,000 hits on YouTube. Brumit gets about five e-mails a week from people wanting to compete. The process is simple: "Just call your friends and show up," he explains. The date, time, and location are listed on his website.

Hirsch says he's seen a 20 percent increase in attendance each year. Competitors and spectators



The classic 16-inch Big Wheel is designed to support up to 70 pounds. Many bikes fall apart mid-race, creating an obstacle course of plastic handlebars, wheels, and seats.

come from all over the Bay Area and across state lines. Armbruster, an aerospace engineer, ships his Big Wheel and flies in from Boulder, Colorado.

But not everyone has that luxury. Wendy Schuyler, a 29-year-old graphic artist in Roanoke, Virginia, has friends who participated in the event and has seen videos of the race online. She and her business partner Beth Deel couldn't justify flying

across the country, so they started a BYOBW Race of their own in 2008.

Most of Roanoke is flat, so they held the race in a parking garage with spiral ramps. Schuyler timed the race to coincide with the San Francisco event—which provided them with the same benefit of little traffic—but, as a precaution, they had people stationed on every level to make sure cars didn't drive down during the race. About 30 people turned up, which is pretty good by Roanoke standards, says Schuyler.

"Any excuse to come up with a costume and wear it in public is a good excuse to do something," says Dorin Etter, 28, a biology teacher from Callaway, Virginia. She dressed up as Super Geek, in a costume that consisted of a purple unitard and handmade sequined yellow cape, tool belt, and mask. "Once you get older there isn't a lot of opportunity for excitement. You're too old for mosh pits."


Geoff Grandberg, an entrepreneur of sorts, organizes events every three weeks. After hearing about the San Francisco BYOBW Race, he decided New York needed a race of its own. Last October, Grandberg, sporting a giant chicken head, and 50 costumed participants, along with 350 spectators, staged dozens of heats, racing down a curvy hill in Central Park. After the main event, some participants wanted to go down an exit path past the conservatory that was much more dangerous, with speeds reportedly up to 35 miles per hour.

Of course, in keeping with BYOBW tradition, both Schuyler and Grandberg opted to forgo permits. "This is going to sound awful, but because everyone is in church it's a lot more difficult to get caught," she says.

■ FORWARD MOTION

Brumit wants to see BYOBW go international, and he's received inquiries from people wanting to stage races in Norway and Korea. He currently lives in Chicago, and has designs to bring the event to the Midwest. But given the Windy City's flat landscape, he, too, may end up holding it in a garage. Whatever track he finds, the race will be held in the fall, since he's filming the 2009 Easter race for a documentary, which he plans to debut at the 2010 race.

Kendall, now a Brooklyn resident, brought his winning bike with him to New York and plans to compete in the New York City race. However, the event in Central Park won't be synchronized with the San Francisco event because Grandberg will be in San Francisco competing that day.

Schuyler and Deel haven't decided on a location for their 2009 race since the same garage may not be as traffic-free. "City officials weren't too pleased to know their public garage was being used as a racetrack for Big Wheels," Schuyler says. 

*Ready to get your race on? For info on upcoming BYOBW events in San Francisco and Chicago, visit JonBrumit.com. For Roanoke, join the *Playing in Traffic* group on Facebook. For events in New York, join the *Fluff's Events* group on Facebook. And Matt Armbruster hosts BYOBW.org to promote a Big Wheel pub-crawl charity event in Boulder.*



key girl of the year 2009

As soon as she heard about the Key Girl of the Year contest, 19-year-old Sasha started working toward making it into the final round. The trip to Jamaica's Hedonism II appealed to the 34D-23-33 beauty, of course, as well as the chance to earn a photo shoot in *Penthouse*. But she also wanted to bring home the title for her Penthouse Club. "My favorite thing about living in Houston is that everybody is very proud to be from here. Everywhere you go, everyone represents Houston really well. I hope I did, too!"

Photographs by Emma Nixon





sasha



"I was excited about the Key Girl contest and really wanted to do well, but I still didn't realize what a big deal it is until I won. People are so impressed. Now a lot of girls are telling me they want to do it next year!"





sasha






"In Houston we have chopped-and-screwed music. They take regular music—usually hip-hop, but anything from Bob Marley to Britney Spears—and make it very sexual. They chop it up and screw it until it's slow and sensual."





sasha





"I like to be the chaser, not the chasee, so I like guys who play hard to get. If it seems like a guy is ignoring me, I'm like, 'How come he's not looking at me?' They say Leos like attention a lot, so I guess I'm a typical Leo."

“When I decide I want to sleep with a new guy, I don’t wait for him to make a move. I like to be the one to initiate things. I just jump on him and say, ‘Let’s do it!’ ”





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Manhattan

MADAM

Running New York's most successful prostitution ring naturally involves discreetly servicing some celebrities. But what's a working girl to do when one of them is the state's powerful governor and he's getting too rough and aggressive?

By Kristin Davis

I chose my madam name, Billie, after the teenage outlaw Billy the Kid. I was a young woman living outside the law, but working in a man's world, profiting from the illicit desires of all types of men, from blue-collar workers to celebrity millionaires. I needed a name that was both sexy and ballsy; a name that said, "Don't mess with me, buddy"; a name for a vigilante and an enforcer of the peace. And so to the more than 10,000 clients I accumulated in five years as the leader of the most successful call-girl game in Manhattan, I was Billie.

Eliot Spitzer was one of those clients. From 2004 through 2006, he was good for a call at least once a week. He called himself James and identified himself as a lawyer. I met him in one of the apartments I had set

up for meetings, as he preferred to meet the lady of his choice at one of our locations.

What James liked was slender yet curvy brunettes with a nice bustline, preferably the all-American, college-girl type. I found that most of my high-end New York clients had similar taste, unlike on the West Coast, where they clamored for women who looked more like me, with long blonde hair, big lips and bust, and very curvy. I met James only once or twice, but I spoke to him quite a bit on the phone. And for a few years, James, a "hobbyist," as we in the business call them—men whose hobby is prostitution—meant thousands of dollars of steady income for me and my ladies.

That is, until the complaints began coming in hot and heavy. James was getting rough and too aggressive. And when I say "rough and aggressive," I don't mean any kind of sadism/masochism experience, or any kind of bondage experience, though indeed he did enjoy giving the girls a nice, firm spanking. No, it was

the condom problem—simply put, James didn't want to use one. He'd be a real weasel about it, too. After the begging, pleading, and commanding didn't work, James would pretend to relent, only to change to another approach.

I got enough complaints that I was concerned, and decided to discuss this when James next called, and, of course, he did very soon.

"James, I have to tell you, I've been getting some complaints lately from the ladies about you and your aggressive behavior," I said to James after we exchanged a few pleasantries. Immediately, he got defensive, and immediately, I knew the girls were not exaggerating.

"Who? Who said that? I want to know right now, Billie. I'm appalled by that statement. Appalled! And I have no idea what you are talking about,"



he said, his voice already rising. I kept mine even and calm.

"James, now you know I'm not going to get into the specifics, that isn't the point. I know you've been a good and loyal client to me, and that's why I wanted to discuss this. The fact remains, if you're going to continue using my services, I need you to be respectful of the girls' boundaries and not be rough or aggressive." I thought this addressed the issue and was quite nice, still giving him the benefit of the doubt because, as they say, the customer is always right.

Yet he couldn't let the issue go. "Define 'rough and aggressive.' What exactly is considered rough and aggressive, Billie? Explain this to me." I try never to discuss on the phone what I consider inappropriate topics of conversation; as with any illegal activity, specific details are better kept off the phone lines.

Instead of going into detail, I said, "James, I think we both know what I am talking about. I'm not going to go into details on the phone. I just want to tell you I appreciate your business and want to keep you as a client, I just need to make sure we are all on the same page here, that's all."

James was furious—he was caught, he was being politely reprimanded, and he was in the unusual position of being called on his behavior. He kept insisting I tell him what he did that was so wrong:

"This is stupid and ridiculous; you're accusing me, but not telling me what I have done wrong. I don't need this. There are plenty of places like yours out there. I only gave you my business because I liked the way you operated and I liked your girls, but I obviously was very wrong about all of you. I have been a good client, but it's apparent you don't want my business or you would give me the opportunity to respond to what was said. If you want to keep my business, you'd better tell me what I did that was aggressive."

"I don't have to tell you any more, James, because you know what you did. I no longer feel comfortable with you as a client. Thank you, and good luck." I've had to do that a few times in the course of my so-called pimping, but unlike most madams, I cared more

about the welfare of my girls than the money. The money is always there, but good, loyal girls are not.

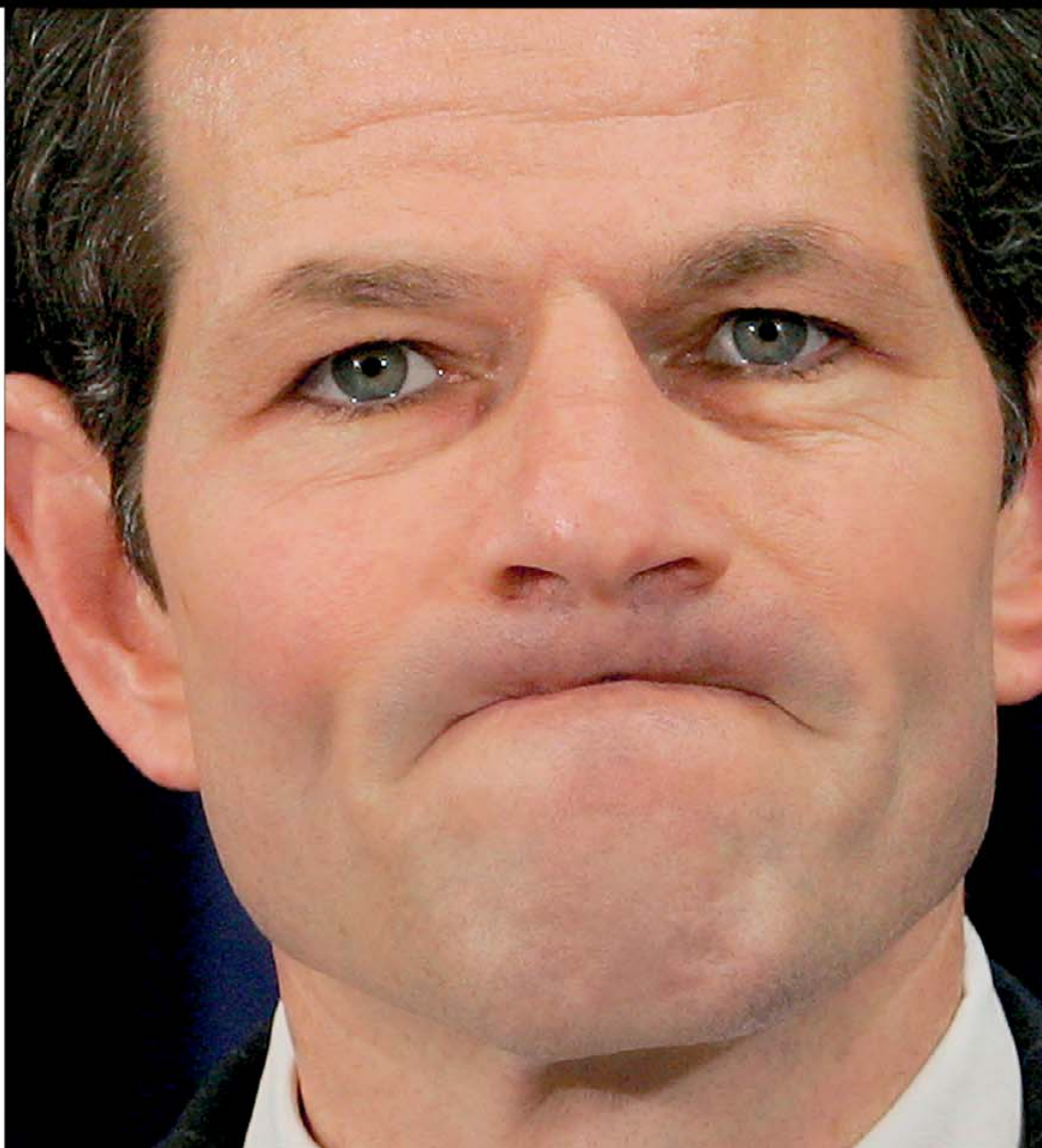
My first boyfriend, Jesse, was the person who introduced me to the world of sex for money. *[Editor's note: All names in this article have been changed with the exception of Eliot Spitzer and Heidi Fleiss.]* He was a gigolo of sorts, and never hid that fact. He just happened to like me, and I happened to like him, and, at 18, I was naive enough to not fully understand the extent of what he did for his money. Once we were lounging around at home and he showed me the back pages of *LA Weekly* and pointed out all the ads for massage, escort, and erotic services.

"What are these jobs and can you really make a lot of money?" I asked incredulously. Jesse laughed and ruffled my long blonde hair.

"You're so innocent," he said. "Yes, of course you can! You should keep it in mind. You never know when you'll need easy money."

When I found myself, months later, in San Francisco, broke and alone, I remembered what Jesse said and picked up the local weekly paper, scanned the back ads with a pen, and began my search for easy money.

After a few false starts, I tried an escort agency that operated out of an impressive mansion in Marin County. It had a huge pool and a circular driveway. I met the madam/house mother, DeDe, a large Italian lady in her late forties. She was supernice to all the girls there, who were hanging around wearing pretty dresses. She



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARY ALT/TAFFER/AP IMAGES



“I’ve been getting some complaints,” I told Spitzer. Immediately, he got defensive, and immediately, I knew the girls were not exaggerating.

was making them lunch, everybody was very friendly, and I thought, *Man, this looks like a nice place to work.* I hit it off with one girl right away, Suzette, a tall, curvy brunette from Germany. DeDe saw I was fitting in and took me aside and asked me if I had any questions.

“Yeah,” I said, “what exactly do I need to do? What do I wear?”

“You wear dresses and you dance for the men, you do massage, things like that.” I thought, *I could do that.* The place looked classy, and I saw some of the clientele hanging out by the pool and inside. They all seemed like respectable and wealthy gentlemen. We agreed I’d give it a try the next Saturday. DeDe told me to bring some sexy dresses with me.

When I arrived, I saw Suzette and asked her which dress I should wear. Instead, she whispered, “Did you show DeDe your ID?”

I said, “I did, but so what?”

Suzette whispered, “Oh, no, now she knows where you live.” She closed the bedroom door. “I’m a slave here. She took away my passport, I have to have sex with all these men, she takes all my money and I’m only allowed \$20 a day.”

Was she fucking kidding me?

She wasn’t.

I found DeDe and told her my stomach was killing me. But she was determined that I would work and I wasn’t going to get out of it that easily, as DeDe really wanted to break me in.

At this point I had only slept with three or four people, and they were all boyfriends. I was naive and too scared to leave. I didn’t know what to expect at all, and when I took a healthy breath and opened that door, I certainly didn’t expect what I saw. And that was a naked, 65-year-old, bald man lying on the bed while a gorgeous 23-year-old woman blew him. He looked like the wealthy, yacht type, way too tan and weathered, even for his age, and he stunk of surf and cigars. I immediately thought, *How do I get out of this?*

On cue, as if he read my mind, he said, “Hey, beautiful girl, come join us.” While the young woman blew him, he

patted the bed. I slowly walked over and gingerly sat on the edge of the bed, trying to look casual but thinking, *Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit.*

The gorgeous, hot woman took a breather from the old man and looked me over. God bless her, she knew I was a newbie and took pity on my sorry ass. She got up and sat next to me and said, “We’re going to put a show on for you, honey, okay?” He smiled a big, big smile and put his hands behind his head, ready to enjoy the show. The supposed girl-on-girl show was a fake one where she did all the work.

She told me to relax and take off my dress, which I did. Then I sat back down and she caressed my arms and legs and lightly over my breasts. Pretending to nibble and work my ears, she whispered, “Just relax, it’s okay.” I let her touch me all over. I’m not into women that way, but I would much rather have a gorgeous 23-year-old touch me than a stinky 65-year-old. And anyway, he was having a good time, and it kept me from having to do anything more.

He liked it, and started stroking himself while he watched. Then she stopped and said to him, “Okay, baby, now let’s you and me put on a show for this pretty, young girl, *hmmm?*” Yeah, he was into that idea, and he finished pretty quickly. Afterward, we all sat around the bed talking, because his time wasn’t quite up yet. Then he got up, cleaned up, got dressed, and bid us a good day. That was it.

Before I left, I told Suzette that we both had to get away ... and quickly. I said that the next day I would park two blocks away, and just wait for her to make a run for it. I said I’d wait all day if necessary.

But I only had to wait two hours before Suzette came running down the sidewalk, wearing lingerie, a flimsy satin short robe, and fuzzy mules. She had two big bags of clothes and an overnight case. And like that, we drove off into the sunny afternoon.

Suzette had managed to put away some money while she was there. A pathetic total of \$200 for all that bullshit, but what did I expect? She did tell me that one of her regulars had a huge thing for her and had told her that if she ever got the nerve to run away, he’d put her up in a nice apartment and buy her furniture—the works. Suzette had the number memorized for fear that DeDe would find it. “When do you think I should call him?” Suzette asked.

“Now,” I said. True to his word, her regular did just what he promised. He got us a decent two-bedroom and bought us nice furniture, but in the end, Suzette decided to stay in the game. She didn’t mind it; she just didn’t want to be a slave. And before too long, she was working for Heidi Fleiss in Los Angeles and she began calling me, raving about Heidi and her operation: “I hardly do anything, I hang out with actors and I have fun. Kristin, you have to come down and give it a go, you just have to. Just come and chill out in the hotel with me. You don’t have to do anything.”

Suzette set up a meeting with Heidi at an outdoor café, and my first impression of her was that she was a good salesperson, but a bit too pushy.

“You’re so pretty; you’re exactly what I need,” Heidi gushed. “You don’t have to do anything. Most of this is partying. If you’re young, pretty, like to party, and like to have fun, you’ll fit right in.” She said the money was amazing. She kept emphasizing the good money. And she kept emphasizing how Suzette and I could go on doubles and help each other out. A party call was \$1,500, and Heidi took half of it. And sure enough, that night she called Suzette and me with a party-call request. It was later in the evening, and I wasn’t in the mood for it, but Heidi kept pressuring me.

“I really need your help, Kristin,” she said. “I need as many girls as possible. You don’t have to do anything and you’d be helping me out. Please, what have you got to lose except money for doing absolutely nothing?” Suzette spoke with her, too, and when she got off the phone, Suzette begged me to go with her, afraid if I didn’t she’d miss the job altogether. I’m a good friend. I went.

The party was at a very famous, Oscar-winning actor’s house. He was surrounded in the Jacuzzi by four topless women. He was wasted as hell, sloppy-wasted, laughing his ass

off, talking a whole lot of nonsense and doing coke off everyone's bare boobs. When he looked up and saw Suzette and me, he signaled us over. "Welcome, ladies! Welcome! Take off your clothes and hop in and join the party!" I knew who he was immediately. At any age, he's got one of those recognizable faces. And quite frankly, I was disappointed in him, because I was a fan.

When we got into the Jacuzzi, he said to me, "Come closer, come closer!" And I did. I saw that he was so out of it, it wouldn't go anywhere, anyhow. He offered me coke and I politely declined, but accepted a glass of champagne. Then he poured some champagne on my boobs and laughed like he was the first man in the world who'd thought of doing that to a woman. He took two girls with him inside the house and the rest of us just sat in the Jacuzzi, sipping champagne and chatting.

I was two hours into it when a girl came out and said, "He wants new girls to come in." Another girl got up and went in. It was past midnight and I was feeling like a prune, but I wasn't going to work if I could get away with it. In a bit, another girl came out to announce that he was puking all over himself. And soon, he came stumbling out naked, with some puke on him, laughing like a crazed hyena. The time was basically up, I noticed, but I didn't know whether he was okay. I knew he already took care of the money with Heidi, but I gave her a call anyway.

"Send the other girls home, and you and Suzette put him to bed and leave when he's fully asleep," she advised me. So we did, to the best of our ability. We towed him off, puke and everything, while he was laughing and groping our tits. We got him into his big bed but he kept trying to get up, so we put on the TV and tucked him in tight, sitting on the covers so he couldn't get out. He smelled just terrible, of puke and body odor, but we stayed until he passed out. And only then did we tiptoe out, get dressed, and leave.

I went back to Heidi a week later with Suzette. She had me booked and ready with another girl I hadn't met.

"This guy doesn't fuck you, but he gets a little rough," warned Heidi. He was a big director who had a beautiful ocean-view house. He was in his late thirties to early forties, about six feet tall and average build. He opened up the door wearing a black bondage

mask, a rubber shirt, and leather pants. I tried not to burst into laughter. He tied us to a wall and did some light bondage on us while we were wearing nothing but panties. Then we went through a series of role-plays. He told me I was to pretend to be his wife walking in on him making it with another girl, and then I was supposed to whip her.

"Do I have to be the angry wife?" I asked. "I don't think I'd make a good wife, much less an angry one." But that's how he wanted it, so I did the best I could. I think I totally sucked, but he was happy with it.

We did a doctor/nurse thing, with the other girl as the patient. He had a naughty nurse outfit for me and everything. Then he had us wrestling on a bed with him for a long time. "Let's have a slumber party and pillow fight." We fought topless until he was finally spent with it all. Thank goodness. But so far I'd made \$4,000 for doing nothing. It wasn't so bad.

But Heidi was annoying and just wouldn't take no for an answer or let me rest. She called me the next day about going on a call for a football player. I said I was really spent from the role-play and needed to rest a little. She went off on me: "If you don't do this, you can fucking forget about getting any work from me ever again. I'm serious, say no and go, and don't ever come back." I went on the call.

I'm not into sports, so I didn't know this football player, David. He was married, but I didn't know that at the time. I just thought he was hot, hot, hot—tall, young, and built all over with a handsome face and a square jaw. *Oh, I like you*, I thought, meeting him at the bar of the Montrose. I was told he just wanted some company, and, of course, if things clicked, some more.

Things did click between us. We went up to his room, drank some more, ordered room service, watched movies, and made out on the couch like teenagers. I would have done him, I was ready enough, I was having a good time. But he stopped the action and said, "I don't want to do anything more with you.... This feels like a date, doesn't it? I don't want to spoil it." I agreed; it did.

David stroked my hair and said, "I adore you, can I see you again?"



The big-time writer did one thing that really put the girls off: The entire time he was screwing them, he panted, growled, and howled like a dog.

I said, "Sure," and gave him my phone number. We called it a night soon after.

Big, big mistake.

David called Heidi the next morning and said I was absolutely wonderful, he really was into me, and we exchanged phone numbers. She called me up right after and went ballistic on me: "Are you a fucking idiot? Is that what you are? I thought you were a smart girl with a good head on your shoulders, but you're a fucking moron."

She thought I was trying to steal her clients, and not only was she not going to pay me for going on that last call, but I would never, ever get work from her again. That was fine with me, except for the money part. I went on the call and was going to get paid! I shamelessly stalked her on the phone for an entire month until she caved in. Suzette continued to work for Heidi, but I personally never heard from or saw her again, until I saw her on TV, busted, now famous for life as the Hollywood Madam.

When you have a client list of 10,000 people, like I did, you are bound to get your fair share of celebrities. I'm not the Hollywood starstruck type, like Heidi Fleiss, but there were definitely a few I noted when the credit card imprints came in. That's usually how we found out. A lot of my girls were either young or foreign, and didn't recognize some of these people right off the bat. That was actually better, because when they did know, they'd lose their cool, get really excited, and then forget to collect the money and basically give out a free date—for which I always made them pay.

There was an athlete who really got on my nerves because he loved texting me the filthiest things.

"Billie, I'm on my way to see your girl and my dick is rock-hard already." *Thanks for the update!*

Or he'd text me, "I saw you on MySpace. You're really hot and now I want to fuck you." Sometimes this went on literally all day.

I would text him back, "I don't enjoy or need your texts, and I don't care

how horny you are unless you want to book someone." And then he usually would. All of the girls said he was young, good-looking, and really nice. I said, "He's not so nice to me. Tell him to stop it with the dirty text messages already." I always felt like I should be charging him \$2.99 a minute.

"Billie," he'd write, "your tits look so big and juicy I want to titty fuck you so badly."

And, again, I'd say, "Stop it already. Do you want to talk business or not?" He did.

He'd book someone and then on his way to meet her he'd say, "How nasty is she, Billie? Will she swallow? Does she like it nasty? Tell me, Billie." I really should have charged him.

A good-looking, signed musician loved it when I threw him bikini parties. All he wanted was five or six girls wearing thong bikinis to chase him around his apartment and pull down and "steal" his swimming trunks. Then one of the "thieves" would give him a handjob. That was it. On his birthday he asked that I throw him a theme birthday party in his hotel room. I chose Hawaiian luau. The girls were decked out in grass skirts and each of them placed a lei around his neck. I had a tiki bar and a spread of good food. We brought him a birthday cake and cupcakes, and the crescendo was when he serenaded all the girls at the piano, which he did during most of the regular visits anyway. Then I think they all chased him around the room, stole his underwear, and gave him a handjob. Men like their routines.

But I'd say my favorite experience was with an internationally known author. Randall became a client in New York, and would have girls sent to his hotel. He liked the all-American, apple-pie type. I had a girl who was a dead ringer for Katie Holmes, and he really liked her, so he saw her for a few days straight. He called and told me he had a big house in the Hamptons

and would like a couple of girls to come for dinner and an overnight.

"You sound really cute, too—can you come?" I laughed and said I couldn't, because if I did, nobody would be manning the phones and I'd lose a lot of business.

"How much would it take to get you to come out and have dinner with us?" he asked. "You have such articulate, interesting people working for you. And you sound so cute, too. I just have to meet you. How much to shut you guys down for one night?"

I told him \$30,000 plus a limo to take us to and from the Hamptons. Obviously, the two girls whom he selected would stay the night. Randall, by the way, used his real name with everything, and used the credit card with his name, too. None of the other girls recognized him, but I loved his work, so I did.

His Hamptons home was huge and beautiful. We had a three- or four-hour dinner. Wine, appetizers, courses upon courses, more wine, and so on. Randall was having the best time ever. For one thing, it tickled him that he shut us down for the night. It was a huge feather in his cap. And he just wanted to talk to us about what we did and our lives. He was a kid in a candy store, and who knows, maybe this was research for a future best-seller.

The girls told me that Randall the Writer was pretty straitlaced. He got two girls, but didn't want a girl-girl show. Rather, he had sex with each of them individually, each in their own bedroom, not even while the other watched. No, there was nothing strange going on there. But Randall did do one thing that really put the girls off: He panted and growled like a dog during sex. For the entire time he was screwing them, all they heard was him panting, growling, and howling. I don't know—maybe he enjoyed pretending he was turning into a werewolf. If you read about something along these lines in his next book—a man who turns into a ferocious dog while having sex with prostitutes—you'll know who was the inspiration. 



Excerpted from *The Manhattan Madam: Sex, Drugs, Scandal, and Greed Inside America's Most Successful Prostitution Ring*, by Kristin Davis. Visit ManhattanMadam.com to download the book.



NETCHIXXX
Penthouse Forum

The lovely, dark-skinned Indian actress gracing this disc's cover—and its best scene—is Priya Rai, the latest in a long line of ladies making a splash in the maddeningly overpopulated gene pool of Southern California porn. Though she hasn't quite mastered the art of delivering lines, she sure as shit delivers the goods. Her scene with Steven St. Croix has three things I don't see often enough in smut these days: (1) She cries when she gets fucked. While St. Croix is sticking it to her, you can see a single, grateful tear trail down from her eye. I was with a girl in college who cried when we had sex, and it's great. St. Croix should have paid us for this one. (2) She likes getting her asshole licked. Porn histrionics fly out the window when St. Croix drags his tongue across her chocolate starfish, 'cause she loves it. He notices this and gives her a little lappin' just before entering her, three or four times. (Kudos for that attention to detail, Steven.) (3) She gives slurpy, sloppy head. It's not just about what you see, kids, it's what you hear, too, and when Priya has St. Croix's cock in her mouth, I like what I hear. *Netchixxx's* tales of people getting down and dirty on the web are all well and good, but my first time seeing Priya Rai will be with me for a long, long time.

Above: Priya Rai. Top right: Priya Rai and Steven St. Croix

By Johnny Bronx




THE PERFECT FANTASY Penthouse Letters

This disc is best approached as a series of separate but slap-worthy sex scenes as opposed to a singularly cohesive work of smut. But there's plenty of hot sex here to stoke some fantasies of your own. Mikayla Mendez plays an ancient queen with her studly lover—fleshed out by director Marcus London—in a scene that actually looks like something from the old days of *Penthouse*, when photographers created fantastical, otherworldly pictorials. The sight of Mendez's Kim Kardashian-quality ass makes for some mighty fine wank fodder indeed, and you'd hardly be blamed for failing to get past their scene on your first viewing. A nice follow-up would be the trite if still viable cheerleader scenario with cover girls Angie Savage and Shawna Leneé. As I've said before, some things become clichés because they ultimately ring true. Case in point: two dimpled blonde doxies in pleated skirts and pigtails lapping each other. Ruby Knox's fifties-themed backseat balling is cute and kinky, too, so pop this one in, then pop one out.



IDENTITY Penthouse

Along with partner and Penthouse Pet Janine Lindemulder, Julia Ann traveled the country in the nineties as half of the exotic-dance duo Blondage. Julia Ann is still a beautiful woman with a tiny waist that slopes out into a set of lush, curvy hips the likes of which are still too rare in porn. (The term *MILF* is far too pedestrian to describe her appeal, but as a point of reference it'll have to do.) She does some fine work with Ryder Skye, alternately guiding her young lover to squealing heights of ecstasy and relinquishing control to enjoy the ride herself. Luckily, her later scene with Sean Michaels shows that she still rides a cock with the best of them; every thrust of his long, black rod elicits a moan from Julia Ann's core, somewhere deep between determined professionalism and orgasmic abandon. Director and Penthouse Pet Dyanna Lauren pulls hot performances from the likes of Holly West and Angelina Valentine, but Julia Ann is the star here, for good reason. 

Above left: Angie Savage and Shawna Leneé. Above: Julia Ann

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tori on top

Nicole Ray is no different than any of us when it comes to December 2008 Pet of the Month Tori Black: Nicole knows the gorgeous centerfold is worth looking up to. Of course, as soon as things heat up, Tori gives as good as she gets.

Photographs by Lisa Boyle







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BEACH BANGING

Being outdoors always inspires Greg and me to have sex whenever we can. It's a real thrill finding the right place and doing it without getting caught. Last week, we were at the beach and we'd almost succeeded. We'd started out fondling and kissing each other, but before we actually got down to it, a group interrupted us by settling down only a few yards away.

On our second try, Greg picked me up and we drove to a different beach. He parked the car and I went to get some of our gear from the trunk. When I leaned over to grab the blanket, he pushed his semihard cock against my firm ass. I giggled and felt goose bumps on my arms and legs as he rubbed that hard ridge against me. We love getting each other aroused in public, and just knowing that he was equally anxious was enough to heat me up.

We gathered our things, found a spot about 40 yards from the shore tucked between two dunes, and placed our lounge chairs side by side. I leaned toward Greg and teased his nipple with my tongue. He pulled me onto his chair, and I knelt between his legs. He quickly freed my breasts from my top, and I rubbed them over his growing bulge. Skin on skin is always better, so his swim trunks were the next thing to go. I started stroking his cock and was rewarded with a few drops of pre-come. I wasted no time lapping up the salty fluid.

I was really getting into it, swirling my tongue around the head, when Greg spied another couple coming our way and pulled me up so I was lying on his chest. I took the opportunity to give his dick a quick squeeze and was satisfied when he let out a deep moan. Once the coast was clear, he turned me on even more by sucking on my nipples. It's almost as if there's a direct line from my nipples to my pussy, and it wasn't long before the heady mix of sun and foreplay had me hot enough to head for the cooler for one of our vodka-laced drinks.

Of course, Greg noticed how wet I was when I sat back down in my chair. He had me pull my suit to one side so he could finger me. But first he took the drink from my hand and drizzled a little on my breasts. When he leaned forward to lick the drops from my tits, he slid his finger into my hot pussy and



I ran my hand over his erection. Both of us were moaning at that point, but when he slid another finger in and pressed on my G spot, I lost it and came in a gush, grinding my hips against his hand. We leaned back in our chairs, and Greg told me how horny he felt. Making me climax also gets him going. He put his drink down, pulled on his swimsuit, and told me to get the blanket and follow him.

He picked a spot in the tall grass and we spread the blanket. I stepped out of my bottoms and lay down while Greg pulled down his swimsuit. His cock was hard and I was ready for it, but he had other ideas. He knelt between my legs, pulled my knees up, and began pistoning his tongue in and out of my love hole. I was in heaven,

feeling the ocean breeze, the sun, and Greg's tongue and lips, but I wanted to taste him. I urged him around till we were in a sixty-nine with me on top.

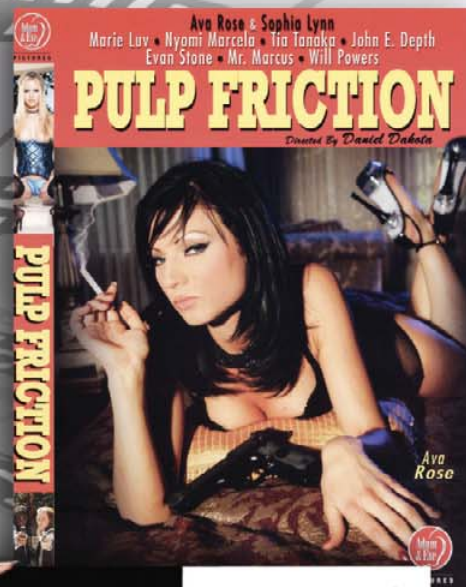
I love to suck his cock. He's not small, but he's manageable. This is one of my favorite positions with him. He has a way of hugging my hips, pulling them tight to his face, and drinking in my juices that drives me crazy. It's amazing how we feed off each other's lust. He makes me want to suck his cock 24/7. He says the same about me—that he loves eating my pussy.

"Eve, you're creaming like a porn star!" he said between breaths. And I came again as he stuck his tongue into my hole, grinding my soaking pussy onto his face.

I've had major orgasms before, but none that caused humming in my ears. I was still sucking Greg's cock when I realized the noise was coming from above me. It was a helicopter flying overhead and, from the sound it, flying

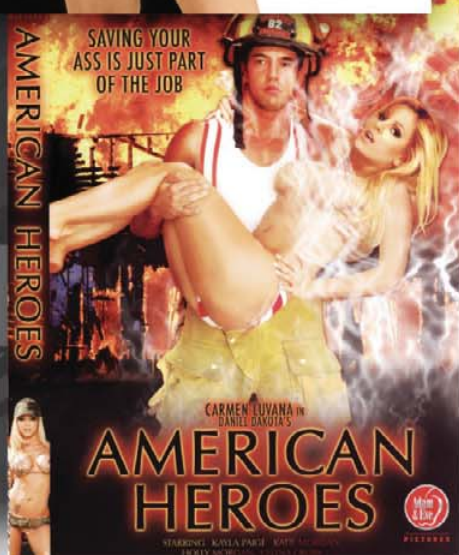
I was really getting into it when Greg spied another couple coming our way and pulled me up so I was lying on his chest.

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really low. I'm sure he got an eyeful, but I couldn't stop to worry about the aerial view of my bare ass—I had to get my mouthful of Greg's cream. I sucked him hard and tickled his balls until he groaned, "I'm coming!" He gripped my ass as I held him in my mouth, trying to milk every drop.

When he came to his senses, Greg asked, "Was that a chopper?"

"It certainly was," I said, sitting up. "And it sounds as if the pilot's circling around for a second look. I don't know about you, but I don't do curtain calls!"

Reluctantly, we picked up our blanket and returned to our chairs. We had a good laugh, sipped our drinks, and waved as the helicopter made another pass.

Then Greg asked, "Want to try it in the water?"

"As long as you hold on to my bottoms this time!" I said.—*E.C., Florida*

"ACCIDENTAL" THREESOME

My girlfriend, Carrie, and I have always had a terrific sex life, but recently she'd begun to wonder what it would be like to have sex with another woman. Since just the thought of Carrie with another woman made me horny, I wanted to make it happen, and I knew just the person.

One day, I'd overheard a conversation this woman Lynn at my job was having with her girlfriends—she admitted she'd had sex with women and enjoyed it. The morning after talking to Carrie, I stopped by Lynn's office and told her that I had accidentally overheard the conversation she'd had with her friends. I also told her

that I would love to see my girlfriend have sex with another woman, but wasn't sure how to proceed.

Lynn said she would love to meet my girlfriend. She'd seen a picture of Carrie on my desk, so she knew Carrie was hot. We agreed to meet somewhere out of town and let Carrie think the meeting was accidental. We talked about it a bit more and came up with a workable plan.

When Friday night arrived, I told Carrie I was taking her to a new place I'd heard about, and to put on something really sexy. First we went to dinner, then to a club. Carrie wore a little black dress with thigh-high stockings and pearls. She looked so sexy that all I could think about was seeing her with Lynn.

After drinks, I drove us to the bar for the prearranged meeting with Lynn. As we walked in, I saw Lynn sitting by the corner. The place was fairly crowded, so Lynn blended in nicely. Carrie and I took a table and ordered drinks, then went out to the dance floor. Lynn did the same and slowly worked her way into dancing with us. During a break in the music, she introduced herself and said she hoped we didn't mind her dancing with us, but she was alone. We quickly told her we did not mind at all.

After several more songs, we went back to the table and I asked Lynn to join us. We talked and she and Carrie got along really well. After another drink and more dancing, we got ready to leave. Lynn and Carrie were still chatting when we got to the parking lot. Carrie said that Lynn lived near us and suggested we invite her to our place for more drinks. This was almost too easy.

Once in the house, things went even more smoothly. Lynn had already assured me that if Carrie were interested in exploring sex with another woman that it would not be difficult to make it happen if the opportunity presented itself. I excused myself and went upstairs to use the bathroom. The two of them fixed another drink and were sitting on the couch beside each other when I came back and sat next to Carrie.

Lynn was asking Carrie about her dress and rubbing the material between her fingers. Lynn had pulled the hemline up so that the tops of Carrie's thigh-highs were visible. When she let go of Carrie's dress, she

Carrie sucked one of Lynn's erect nipples into her mouth, and Lynn slid two fingers into her own pussy.

let her hand rest on the upper part of her thigh. Carrie did not seem to mind. I turned Carrie's head toward me and kissed her softly on the lips. She slid her tongue into my mouth and we kept the kiss going, each trying to take the lead. I moved my hand down to her breast and gave it a gentle squeeze. Carrie moaned into my mouth while my fingers rolled over her nipple.

I'd closed my eyes briefly, and when I opened them Lynn was caressing Carrie's other breast and sliding her hand up Carrie's thigh. She didn't stop until she'd slipped it under Carrie's thong. Carrie shifted her body and spread her legs wider, giving Lynn easier access. Lynn moved off the couch, knelt between Carrie's legs, and pulled off her thong.

I was still kissing Carrie when I felt a quick shudder pass through her body. I looked down and saw Lynn eating Carrie's pussy. While Carrie reveled in Lynn's pussy-licking, I stood up and quickly undressed. Then I helped Carrie out of her dress and bra while she started stroking my stiff prick. Only Lynn was still dressed, and I took care of that by pulling her dress over her head. She wasn't wearing a bra, just a sheer thong.

When I stood up, Carrie leaned forward and pulled my cock into her mouth. As Lynn started licking Carrie's slit in earnest, Carrie began sucking me with equal enthusiasm. Watching Lynn eat out my girlfriend while Carrie deep-throated my cock was more than I could stand. I tried to control my body, but couldn't deny the pleasure that was starting to roll through me. I felt come rising up the shaft of my prick and unsuccessfully attempted to hold back the orgasm, pumping my hot load into Carrie's mouth. She started moaning as I came and arched her back while pushing her hips toward Lynn's head. Carrie pulled her mouth back from my cock and cried out in pleasure as an orgasm rocked her body. My cock was still kicking and I left a few spurts of come on her lips. I collapsed backward into a chair and Carrie did the same onto the back of the couch.

Lynn immediately rose up from between Carrie's legs and kissed her deeply on the lips. She moved her mouth across Carrie's lips and licked my come from her face. Then Lynn



straddled her and Carrie took one of Lynn's erect nipples into her mouth and the other between her thumb and forefinger. Lynn reached down and slid two fingers into her own pussy while massaging her clit with her free hand. But Carrie wanted her first taste of pussy and told Lynn to lie back.

Carrie kissed her way down Lynn's body and buried her face in her twat. The sight was enough to rouse my cock back to duty. I sat back in the chair, content to watch and stroke myself until Carrie had Lynn writhing through a climax. After a few minutes of rest, I suggested we take the party to the bedroom, and that's where we spent the rest of the night.

In the morning, Lynn got ready to leave. Carrie walked her to the door and let her out. Much to my surprise, she came back holding Lynn's phone number. I had assumed this would be a one-time thing, but apparently my girlfriend enjoyed it so much, she wants it to happen again. The only question for me is whether or not to tell her the encounter was not really an accident. —K.C., Georgia

She kissed her way down Lynn's body and buried her face in her twat. It was enough to rouse my cock back to duty.

CAN YOU FEEL ME NOW?

I was in Chicago, sitting at the hotel bar, after having just left the most dreadful seminar on cellphones. The highlight of the event was the speaker's ongoing reference to "servicing the customer" rather than "serving the customer." Maybe it's because I grew up on a farm hearing talk of studs servicing mares, or maybe it was the fact that I was horny as hell, but every time he said "servicing," I felt this ... twinge. Plus, Sawyer, the speaker, was a hottie!

I'd just ordered another drink when in he walked. He must have recognized me because he came right over and sat next to me.

"Tell me—what did you think of the seminar?" he asked.

Should I tell the truth? "I learned a lot," I lied. The possibility of sex is rarely served by the truth. And it wasn't a total lie, considering I had learned that no matter how boring a seminar is, if the speaker is hot, I could get wet.

"Really? What did you learn?" he asked, surprised by my answer.

"That you have the deepest brown eyes I've ever seen," I said.

He laughed, ordered a drink, and replied, "I'm just a salesman, not a public speaker, so I apologize if my presentation was a little dry."



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"Well, maybe it was a little dry, but I sure wasn't!" I said, giving him one of my sexiest smiles as I made a show of crossing my legs.

He smiled back, as those big brown eyes penetrated mine. From that point on, we talked and drank and flirted until my phone rang and I fumbled to get it out of my purse. I missed the call and it went to voice mail.

"You need a new phone," Sawyer said, assessing my not-so-new model.

"I know, I know," I said.

"Did I mention I sell phones?" he asked, smiling. "I have a few in my room, if you'd like to check them out."

"I'd love to see ... yours," I said, smiling right back.

He dropped some bills on the bar, took my hand, and led me toward the elevator. The doors opened; luckily the car was empty. We were on the top

floor and I wanted the longest ride possible, so I pressed 1.

"Going down?" Sawyer asked.

Rather than answer him, I decided to show him. I wrangled his jacket until it fell to the floor. Then I tugged at his shirt until it was free of his pants and proceeded to pull his suspenders off his shoulders. I love suspenders; they're sexier than belts and much easier to maneuver. My hands slid down his arms until I reached his slacks. I knelt down and massaged the obvious bulge in his pants, then hastily unzipped his fly and saw the fruits of my labor protruding from beneath his boxers. *Mmm*. I also love boxers. They leave something to the imagination, but with his magnificent erection

Sawyer had to be close to coming. God, I felt incredible, and from the look on his face, he did, too.

before me, I didn't need much of an imagination!

I moved his shorts aside and plucked my prize from its trappings. I didn't know how much longer I had, but I knew I had no time to waste. I grasped his cock and licked it from tip to base, enjoying the sound of his deep moan. When I licked my way back up to the head, I circled it with my tongue, savoring the salty taste of his pre-come. Then I lowered my head, taking in the full length of him. It was almost more than I could handle, but once my reflexes settled down, he was all mine.

I grasped the shaft and started moving my mouth up and down, again and again. As I worked the top half with my mouth, I pumped the bottom half with my hand. Then I licked from top to bottom again and didn't stop until I had one of his perfectly shaped balls in my mouth. I took a few seconds to roll my tongue around it while I massaged the other with my free hand. Then it was back to sucking and pumping. He was helping now, thrusting into my mouth, faster and faster.

He had to be close to coming. I looked up and his eyes were closed. Suddenly his head fell back and he groaned once, and again just before he pushed forward and came. I swallowed most of his hot load, but scooped some out of my mouth, opened my blouse, and massaged it into my heaving breasts. God, I felt incredible, and from the look on his face, he did, too.

I sat back on my heels for a second, then stood up and buttoned my blouse. As he zipped up his pants, I pulled his suspenders back onto his shoulders and kissed him on the cheek just as the doors opened. Several people got on and Sawyer pressed 10.

"So, do you still feel like checking out those phones?" he asked.

"More than ever!" I said, as we rode up.—*S.D., Iowa*

MAGIC FINGERS

Last month, my wife, Chelsea, and I made the most of a long weekend and hopped a jet bound for a little beach resort on the Mexican coast near Cancún. As we were checking in, the desk clerk suggested we try the hour-long massage. Chelsea loves a good


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massage, and I don't mind them myself, so we asked her to sign us up for the next morning.

"Now, would you like to have your massages on the beach or in our clubhouse, and would you prefer a man or a woman?" she asked.

We both agreed we wanted our massages on the beach, but I'd never had a massage from a man, so I told her I would prefer a woman. But Chelsea wanted a man.

"Excellent! You're all set," she said. We finished our paperwork, had a few mojitos at the bar, then retired to our bungalow for the night.

The next morning after breakfast, we hit the beach. Most of the women were going topless, so Chelsea did, too. She looked amazing with her dark hair, hazel eyes, firm D-cup tits, and well-toned body. I left her sunning on the beach while I looked around for my masseuse. I found her behind two beachfront cabanas in a secluded area, setting up the massage table. She was a pretty Mexican woman, and after we exchanged pleasantries, she gave me an excellent massage.

Just as I finished, Chelsea's masseur walked up. The guy looked like a model—six-foot-four with a good build and huge hands. His name tag read "Enrique," and I just knew Chelsea was going to love him.

I paid my masseuse, then turned my attention to Enrique. Chelsea hadn't arrived yet, so I paid Enrique for her massage, then handed him some extra pesos, about \$50, and said in my best broken Spanish, "Give her your best massage." Then I left to find Chelsea.

I found her dozing in her beach chair. After waking her, I pointed her in Enrique's direction, then picked up a book I'd brought along. Forty-five minutes later, I thought I'd surprise her with a couple of drinks. On my way to the bar, I noticed one of the gardeners hunched over near the side of a cabana, peeking through the foliage. He was stroking himself through his shorts. When I realized he was looking toward the massage area, I walked over. As soon as he caught sight of me, he took off. I took his place, and was amazed at the view.

Chelsea was on her hands and knees near the edge of the table, and



Enrique was eating her out from behind. Her eyes were closed and there was a blissful look on her face. Her mouth was slightly open, and although I wasn't quite close enough to hear, I knew she was moaning with pleasure. Enrique was using his muscular hands to spread her ass cheeks and, from my vantage point, he was doing a masterful job of licking her pussy and asshole. I was hard as a rock and couldn't resist stroking my cock through my swimsuit.

Enrique took off his shorts and revealed a cock any man would be proud of. He got up on the table behind Chelsea, placed the head of his cock at her entrance, and slammed it

home with one quick stroke. Then he started fucking her so hard I began to wonder if the table could support them. Chelsea was pushing back against him, trying to get as much of his big dick in her as she could. I was certain she'd had at least two orgasms. I couldn't believe I could get such a hard-on from seeing my wife with another man, but there I was, pulling my dick out and jerking off, not caring if anyone saw me.

I don't know how Enrique held off as long as he did, but he was still hard when he pulled out of Chelsea's well-fucked pussy. Before he even reached for the massage oil I knew what was coming. Chelsea loves when I ream her ass with my average-size dick, but she was about to get the ass-fucking of her life from Enrique's tool. He squeezed some oil over her asshole,

Her eyes were closed, there was a blissful look on her face, and her mouth was slightly open. I knew she was moaning with pleasure.

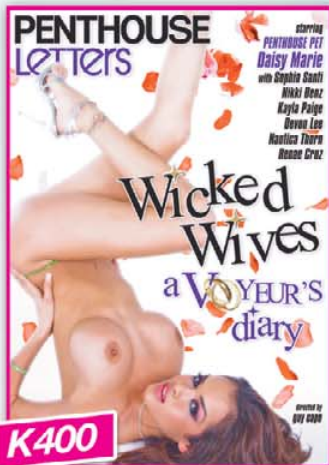
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and after spreading it around her entrance he also rubbed some on his cock. Chelsea lowered her head onto her forearms, raising her ass high. Then Enrique slowly pressed his cock into her puckered hole. Once he was balls-deep, he began stroking into her, gradually building up speed.

Just then my hand got the best of me and I erupted all over the foliage. When I opened my eyes, Enrique had pulled out and was shooting his load all over Chelsea's ass as she quivered through her own climax.

I walked quickly back to our chairs and waited for Chelsea. After a few minutes, I saw her run straight into the ocean and take a lengthy swim. When she returned, I asked, "So, how was your massage, honey?"

"Fabulous!" she said. "Enrique has

magical hands. Let's schedule more massages while we're here."

Right. I could have played this differently, but I let her know that not only had I seen Enrique's magical hands, but I'd seen his magical dick in action, too. I also told her how I'd gotten off when I saw her getting fucked by him and how much I wanted to take part next time.

That night, while we were having drinks, Chelsea struck up a conversation with two guys. After a fairly straightforward invitation, the guys came back to our room and took turns fucking Chelsea while she sucked me off. It turned out to be the best vacation we've ever had.—A.S., *Mississippi*

She looked amazing with her dark hair, hazel eyes, and firm D-cup tits. I was certain she'd had at least two orgasms.

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Pet of the Month
Lexxi Tyler



Sophia Lynn



Who doesn't love a busty, beautiful blonde? Last September, we introduced you to 25-year-old Lexxi Tyler. We're happy to report that the Beaver State native will be back, for your viewing pleasure, as

our Pet of the Month. We've also put together a fun, country-themed look at the lovely Sophia Lynn, and our usual double serving of down-and-dirty girl-girl action. Of course that's still just the tip of the, um, iceberg. 



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